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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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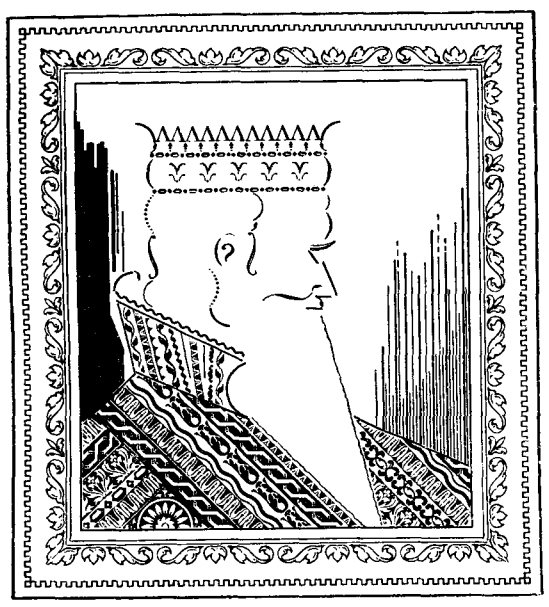

TYPOGRAPHIC PICTURE BY ALBERT SCHILLER

The picture is composed entirely of printer's ornaments, etc.

Making of British Character

NATIONAL CHARACTER AND THE FACTORS IN ITS FORMATION. By ERNEST BARKER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

SOME books, even though badly written, are extremely valuable because of the new and exact facts which they set forth. Others, though weak as to facts, are valuable because of the brilliance and originality of their ideas. Still a third kind is valuable purely by reason of literary style, even though both the facts and ideas have long been common property. In addition to these three types, can any others be of similar value? Yes, for Principal Barker of King's College, London, has written such a book on "National Character and the Factors in its Formation." I doubt whether it contains a single new fact; there are few really new ideas, although many old ones are presented in a new light; and the style, though clear and intelligible, rarely rises to such a level that the mere charm of flowing words compels one to read on and on. Nevertheless the book is of the very highest value because Dr. Barker not only displays a remarkable power of balanced judgment, but welds his whole thought into a singularly well-knit and inspiring unity.

His purpose is to set forth in orderly sequence the factors which cause British national character to be what it is. With broad and sympathetic sweep he surveys the whole realm of human actions and reactions and tries to pick out the factors that have been significant in bringing the British people to their present way of thinking, speaking, acting, and being. Being an historian he naturally writes with special vigor concerning the growth and significance of the national spirit. Being an educator he writes still more ardently concerning the power of education. "Of all the areas in which a nation can choose, and of all the means by which it can determine its future, there is none that matters more, or indeed as much, as education." But even though Dr. Barker is like other people in thinking that the things that are close to his vision are larger than those farther away, that does not alter the fact that his treatment of the various factors is amazingly well balanced.

Following an absolutely logical order he divides his subject into two great sections, material and spiritual. The first of the material factors is race.

(*Continued on page* 702)

Schmaltz, Babbitt & Co.

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I HAVE been reading with a wicked pleasure the monologues of Mr. Lowell Schmaltz which are to appear next week under the title of "The Man Who Knew Coolidge."* Sinclair Lewis, I believe, recites these monologues in his own inimitable fashion, and indeed they are meant to be spoken, as Dickens's "Pickwick" was meant to be read aloud. They have the true colloquialism which solemn naturalistic writers like Mr. Dreiser usually miss. Speech has its own rhythms, so delicate and individual that it takes the nicest ear to reproduce them, and those who accuse Sinclair Lewis of a lack of style have not noticed that, like Mark Twain and Dickens, he is a great artist in the subtlest style of all, the personal speech of highly individual men. Here in America, only Ring Lardner and Booth Tarkington in prose, and Robert Frost in verse, can approach his virtuosity. You must watch such skill as this, for Babbitt and Schmaltz speak with a complete authenticity that makes the truth of their satiric self-portraitures seem self-evident.

I would not give up a sentence of Mr. Schmaltz's self-story. He can keep me from a poker game as long as he held up his friends in the hotel while he gave them a close-up of Zenith's most admired mortician as a background of a story of which he forgot the point. I enjoy reading of his wife, Mame, and his spaniel and her canary, and the pert children. That he was a 100 per cent American I knew as soon as I read his name (Pennsylvania Dutch, *not* German), and he never disappoints me in his comments on the radio, Christianity (and the Reverend Elmer Gantry), hunkies, the Security League, California, and the difficulties of a pious he-man with sexual morality. He has, as they say, everything that belongs to his kind, and if I need to know anything of life beyond the Alleghenies (Mr. Schmaltz hates New York) he will tell me. Listen to him—

> And the picture he gave of California in the days before it was combined with the main streams and currents of American destiny— Say, it certainly'd make a fellow stop and think.
>
> Here was this great country. Here was these titantic mountains—well, I don't want to get highfalutin and poetic, but as I said in my little talk that I gave to the Kiwanis Club on my return from California, here was these titantic mountains with their snow-crowned tops kissing the eternal blue of that Western sky. And here, as Reverend Sieffer pointed out in his book, were those great canyons, stretching their silent but pine-filled depths up to the higher and unknown divides. And here was vast plains ready for the happy plow of civilized man but as yet filled with nothing but the howl of the coyote. And here was this great big huge long seacoast with the waves of the blue Pacific beating against it but without one single solitary real-estate development or even a resort to prepare it for the coming and use of civilized men.
>
> And then what happened? What happened!
>
> Say, to my mind, what happened in California, and that within just a few years, mind you, is one of the miracles that to a *thinking* man proves the providence and care of God that has always guided the destinies of the American people.
>
> Some guy—and say, it's a damn shame but I don't suppose his name will ever be known to history—some guy in Iowa (or it might have been Minnesota or Wisconsin or Illinois or even Missouri, yes, or for that matter he might have come from Kansas)—but anyway, this fellow, he saw that when the great Middle Western population had finished their efforts in growing corn and those equally valuable and constructive efforts in selling supplies to the farmers who are, after all, say what you may, the great backbone and strength of our nation—he saw that it would be the proper caper for these gentlemen to retire to that lovely and you might say idyllic California coast and there in their old age enjoy the fruits of a lifetime of arduous and frugal toil.
>
> And then what happened? What happened!
>
> All along that barren land, lovely little bungalows began to spring up. Where formerly there hadn't been one single darn' thing but seashore and mountain valleys, there sprung up, almost overnight you might say, a whole kit and bilin' of dandy little bungalows and where formerly, as Reverend Sieffer says, you couldn't hear a blasted thing but the sullen roaring of the breakers on the shore, you could hear phonographs going, radios tuned in on Chicago, nice jolly normal young folks dancing to the sound of jazz, and the sound of Fords and motor cars as the folks started off for a nice picnic in some canyon.
>
> Say, you take it from one who's traveled! I've seen it and I know! I've seen beauty spots in California where even twenty years ago there couldn't 've been hardly a single human being in sight—some point of interest filled with holy quiet between the eternal hills; and now you'll find there, especially on a Sunday, no less than maybe a couple hundred cars parked, and all the folks out looking at the scenery.
>
> And please listen once more—
>
> Service is imagination. Service is that something extra, aside from the mere buying, stocking, and delivery of goods, that so tickles the comfort and self-esteem of a customer that he will feel friendly and come back for more. Service is, in fact, the poetry, the swell manners, the high adventure of business.
>
> And this is the first time in history that a nation has conceived the massive, the daring and glittering idea, that you can do more than just sell the customer the goods he wants—that you can, in fact, tie him to you by that subtle form of friendliness known as Service, so that, without its really costing you much of anything, you can make him feel that he's getting double value for his money.
>
> Service! If the Rotarians and Kiwanians had done nothing else, they would have justified themselves and made their place secure in history for all time by their insistence on the value and beauty—the, in fact, if I may without sacrilege say so, *religion* of Service.

Lowell Schmaltz is too convincing. He is a

* THE MAN WHO KNEW COOLIDGE. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

This Week

"Frémont, the West's Greatest Adventurer."
Reviewed by *F. S. Dellenbaugh.*

"Maya."
Reviewed by *John Mason Brown.*

"Letters of William Roscoe Thayer."
Reviewed by *Arthur W. Page.*

"Time and Western Man."
Reviewed by *E. S. Bates.*

Mr. Moon's Notebook.
By *William Rose Benét*

"Chinese Painting."
Reviewed by *Langdon Warner.*

The Birth of God.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard."
Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

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human victrola purring on in a monotone about laundry-machines, Calvin Coolidge, cafeterias, the kiddies at home, Americanization, birth-control, with now and then a song or a story. He is as informative as a radio, and his mind is like the air on a busy evening, buzzing with platitudes, quotations, statistics, stories on the wife, sales talk, and mixed ideals. He is the behaviorists' ideal man, a machine that reacts to dogs, sex (within limits), and business; his brain is plastered with advertising posters that tell him what to think. Philosophically considered, he is a low variety of the human race, successfully adapted to life in an industrial civilization, with the morals of a domestic animal, the culture of a housebroken barbarian, and the soul of a flea. Only his heart is large and pulpy—but for dogs and children, not women—women, or at least familiar women, annoy and puzzle him. In short, Lowell Schmaltz is the satirist's conception of the American bourgeois, model 1928. He is what happened after George F. Babbitt.

I do not know why Sinclair Lewis has not been more often compared with Charles Dickens. Dickens could do those immensely humorous figures, who express a philosophy of life in monologues that never seem funny to them. Schmaltz is as convincing as Tony Weller, and for the same reason. He exists; he is one of the comic gallery to which we turn for reassurance when real men and women seem dull and inanimate. I believe more thoroughly in the existence of Falstaff and Tony Lumpkin and Winkle and Babbitt than in some of my own boyhood acquaintances who have lost the living principle in growing older. Lowell Schmaltz is not to be doubted for a moment—but he is far surer than I am that he represents America.

In so far as Art is concerned, we may rest content. Sinclair Lewis has it; Lowell Schmaltz is a creation. But Sinclair Lewis will let neither his critics nor himself (and this is sometimes a misfortune) stop with Art. He challenges investigations as a sociologist and historian—and so did Dickens—and raises questions which will make a good deal of trouble for future writers of theses on "The Truth to Contemporary Fact in Sinclair Lewis's Satires."

Fiction allows only the very great and the very small to escape with Art as their only criterion. Even Shakespeare is at least one-third an Elizabethan, if two-thirds a man for all the ages, and his borrowed theory of kingship will sometimes quite offset his first-hand studies of human nature. Dickens's humanitarianism makes him unreliable whenever he encounters social injustice. The cause was good, but that does not excuse his sentimentalism. Nor does Sinclair Lewis's art justify or explain his irritable discontent with where we have got to now in America.

* * *

There is more indignation than discontent in Dickens. Messrs. Dodson and Fogg indicate a deplorable condition of legal morality, and one learns, even in "Pickwick," that medicine, the army, innkeeping, and the prisons were in sad need of reform, yet it is a jolly old England nevertheless, there are good beer, good jokes, honest and honorable men, good talk, good living. While much needs changing, more had better stay as it is, and indeed we have been running educational tours to England ever since in the hope of still finding some of it as it was—an inn, a dinner, or Sam Weller's descendants.

Mark Twain, to introduce a still more relevant name into this discussion, was also not discontented with his country, although his bitter distress over life in general (not just America) increased as he aged, until it far exceeded in depth of pessimism Sinclair Lewis's petulance. He too, like Dickens, like Lewis, could create characters that stepped from his books to testify to their own reality—Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, Col. Sellers. He, too, like Lewis, dealt with homely colloquialism, and was more interested in the barroom of a Mississippi packet than in high talk of Fifth Avenue. But Twain liked his America, liked it almost too well, as "Innocents Abroad" naively testifies. His Americans boast (like Mr. Schmaltz) of their country, they cheat their neighbors in the name of progress, are sentimental over women and children while condemning both to unlovely lives. In this they resemble Lewis's twentieth century bourgeoisie, and also in their easy intoxication by words—and if instead of "service" and "practicalness," they rolled their lips over "progress" and "liberty," the self-deception is identical. I am thinking particularly of that lovable blow-hard, the grandfather of all American boosters, Col. Sellers, and his dream world of the immediate future gilding a present of poverty-stricken, whiskey-soaked, rough-and-tumble frontier. But Mark Twain loved Col. Sellers and so did the friends and relatives he deluded, and there is no bitterness in the description of the Colonel's family dining on turnips for their health's sake.

But no one loves our American bourgeoisie. Schmaltz has the kind heart of the American democrat—he fights for his dog and spoils his children—but his boasting would be an intolerable bore except for Lewis's irony, and his ideas on man's place in the universe have not even the merits of an illusory dream. Sellers lived in an impossible future, but Schmaltz is content with an ugly present, where "dandy" gas-filling stations, automobiles that don't squeak, wives that patronize culture, and a Zenith that resembles the New Jerusalem in that all the inhabitants congratulate each other on being there instead of in New York or Paris, completely satisfy the longings of 100 per cent man. If he wants anything more, he is a Bolshevik.

Why does Lewis so bitterly hate this smug bourgeoisie, whose round faces (no longer lean and long—that was Mark Twain's type) one has seen before in Dutch pictures and in frescoes of late Rome? Why do we all take a malicious joy in reading of Schmaltz; and how he lied about his friendship with Coolidge, and how his cousin called his bluff when he tried to borrow money, and how he muddled ideas like a shrewd ape just taught to talk? For no one, probably not even Lewis, believes that the everyday American is as bad as all that. Only Europeans and a few Easterners admitted that George F. Babbitt was a true summary of the Middle West. You will not find him in Willa Cather, or in Booth Tarkington, or in Dreiser, or Anderson, and they know their America and can cut and slash when they wish. Men trying to be Babbitts, men on the way to become Lowell Schmaltz, are alas, too common, but few achieve; there is much more to the American story than a degeneration into an adding machine with an upper row of platitudes for thought.

* * *

I repeat, whence comes a bitterness that can be elicited only by a type not an individual? Why are Lewis's figures not ugly, as Dickens's so often are, not crude, absurd, or malignant, like Mark Twain's, but gross, unlovely, contemptible, ridiculous, petty, mean, without a single redeeming feature except a weak will to be good?

There is one answer worth giving, if only because it avoids the complexities of personal attitude, the difference between Dickens's incorrigible jollity, Mark Twain's exaggeration, and Lewis's sociological view of a world for which science has made a new pattern. Dickens loved his England as much as he hated its Scrooges and Heeps. As for Mark Twain, his America was all in the making, and, whatever the realities, its hopes were far nobler than the actualities of the historic past. The Yankee in King Arthur's Court was vulgar, but he was an idealist. Col. Sellers dealt in impossibilities, but impossibilities for his generation only. Above the dirt of a Missouri cabin, the mud of a prairie street, the quaint intellectuality of a primitive people, rose a vision that was certainly not Zenith, but nearer imperial Rome on a democratic basis. It was impossible to despise (as Lewis despises) men and women who lived on hog and hominy, yet talked of Zion, and named their towns Athens, Ithaca, and Rome.

But Babbitt and Schmaltz live in a civilization that in mechanism has gone beyond the wildest dreams. They roll upon asphalt, bathe in porcelain, draw music from the air, read the world's news (or can read it) every morning, profit by a credit system that stretches across the oceans, are lapped about by insurance, guarded by a public security that makes hazard an accident, can do with words for religion since fear is far off, and their souls are too fat to yearn. Education—or at least that body of knowledge which teaches how to live by machinery—is had for the asking. The Romans, who conquered the world, had no decent transportation and made no single improvement for centuries in the art of war, but Babbitt and Schmaltz (and please compare *their* features with those powerful faces of the Romans of the great period) have everything auxiliary to power, progress, and one might suppose happiness. Yet they remain Schmaltz and Babbitt!

And this is what makes Lewis, and his kind, so sarcastic, so ironical, so unjust to the everyday American. For Lewis has no pity, he can have no pity, for these men who have everything—except intelligence, idealism, and a soul. You pity the poor, the oppressed, the hopeful who cannot achieve; but men with prosperity bubbling about them, with a button to push or a lever to move for every desire, you scorn, you despise them for remaining swine when their pig pen has been tiled, piped, and wired, with a runway to Europe, and a loud speaker installed over the trough.

Are they swine? No more than Dickens's England was all pettifoggers, and Twain's America all cheats and blow-hards. Lowell Schmaltz is an ass, but that is his individual not his generic quality. He represents a true tendency, but he is not a true type. Even in his fatuous asininity he wonders sometimes—

> I tell you, Walt, I'm kind of puzzled. Sometimes I almost kind of wonder (though I wouldn't want to be quoted) whether with all the great things we got in this greatest nation in the world, with more autos and radios and furnaces and suits of clothes and miles of cement pavements and skyscrapers than the rest of the world put together, and with more deep learning—hundreds of thousands of students studying Latin and bookkeeping and doctoring and domestic science and literature and banking and window-dressing—even with all of this, I wonder if we don't lack something in American life when you consider that you almost never see an American married couple that really like each other and like to be with each other?
>
> I wonder. But I guess it's too much for me. I just don't understand—

And that wonder is more significant than Lewis will admit.

* * *

The vital question, of course, is whether American man, and European man, is going to rise to the level of his environment. He is a child now, wondering at his radios, complacent over his automobiles, fascinated by his success with capitalism, just as his grandfather on the Mississippi marvelled at his millions of free acres, was complacent over his weedy streets, and rejoiced at his thousands where ten Indians roamed before. Acres, roads, population, are an old story in the history of the race, and even when our grandfathers were young one could laugh tolerantly at their obsessions. But we are dazzled by the wonders of the machine world and a little afraid—even Sinclair Lewis. It piques us to see man, with his finger on the lightnings and his foot on power, smugger than ever before, and still content to take his thinking from the dark ages and his morality from words. We expose him for the petty fool he is by comparison, not with his own past, but with that machine which works so smoothly beneath him, having adapted itself to power and power to it.

And Sinclair Lewis would have been a wiser novelist if in this new book, and in "Elmer Gantry," he had realized the nature of the reforming passion which makes him hot. His irony is salutary and I believe in it; he scores again and again; but his estimate of the contemporary American is no fairer than Swift's study of the Yahoos. They might have been horses, said Swift, but they chose to be apes. They might be the ideal men of H. G. Wells's Utopian state, says that idealist, Lewis, but look at Lowell Schmaltz—look at him, and grind your teeth, and swear!

* * *

Well, I see him. He seems to me absurd, pathetic, but still human. I think that Lewis himself has had too much machinery in his cosmos. He has whirled through Gopher Prairie at sixty miles an hour, making notes. He has taken the American bourgeoisie at its own expressed valuation, which is a mistake Dickens and Twain never made. He would judge men by their opportunities, which is a doubtful proceeding. He forgets that presumably the first result of primitive man's discovery of iron was more slaughter. He takes a sow's ear (if Mr. Schmaltz will pardon the epithet,) mercerizes it, and then spits on the meretricious thing because it is not a silk purse.

Have charity, Mr. Lewis, and a little more humor (wit you have never lacked), and patience, and don't expect human nature to keep up with its inventions, for it never has, nor will. We see why you hate *homo Americanus*—and why many more are going to hate him, if, living on gold floors, he continues to eat with his fingers and think with his feet; but that you understand, or properly estimate, all of him, in the round, with that sympathy which is indispensable to understanding—well, thank heaven, you don't! There is more to him than that posterior which you so justly drub.

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The Pathfinder

FREMONT, THE WEST'S GREATEST ADVENTURER. Being a Biography from hitherto unpublished sources, of General John C. Frémont, together with his wife Jessie Benton Frémont, etc. By ALLAN NEVINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH
Author of "Frémont and '49"

IT is not possible for me to praise too highly this admirable account of Frémont by Professor Nevins. Prepared after wide, painstaking research, with extreme care and accuracy and with well balanced judgment it is, at the same time, written in a graceful, flowing style which pulls the reader on with expectant interest.

It presents a clear, distinct picture of Frémont as the unusual character that he was, no matter from what angle or with what prejudice he may be viewed, and it is accomplished without detraction—without lugging in any of the rancor and bias which pursued Frémont all the days of his energetic and eventful life and which Josiah Royce, for example, particularly indulged in.

The evil that is done to a man often lives after him. A lot of evil was done to Frémont by various persons and cliques which colored public opinion of his time and has filtered down through the decades ever since. Even to-day one hears persons make bitter or sarcastic remarks about him who have no knowledge or reason for them—just inherited spleen.

Nor does Professor Nevins make any such amazing statement as one of his reviewers does who declares that Frémont "did greater things than Boone, Kenton, Lewis and Clark or any other heroes of the West," yet he does, on his title page, qualify him as "the West's greatest adventurer." Much as I personally admire Frémont and his achievements I cannot admit that he even approached Lewis and Clark as an explorer in his peregrinations, nor that he was the greatest adventurer. That would be to ignore not only Lewis and Clark but also Jedediah Smith, Ashley, Bridger, Carson, Ogden, and a number of others.

* * *

Ashley and Jedediah Smith, to single out two, as adventurers and explorers were beyond him, and were in the field twenty years or more ahead of him. Jedediah Smith, "with a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other," broke an absolutely new trail in 1826 from Utah Lake to the sea of Southern California and crossed the Sierra in the month of May eastward, and a year later went over the same trail to Los Angeles and up the California coast to Oregon, then back to Salt Lake. Ashley in one of his expeditions descended Green River through its canyons in boats as far as Uinta Valley from Henry's Fork. Then there was Ogden who was roaming the West in many directions. No, Fremont was not a greater explorer than these, nor was he a greater adventurer. Anyone who investigates will have to agree to this. He did not "blaze the trail to California"; that distinction belongs rather to Jed. Smith or to Walker who broke the way south of the Oregon trail.

But Professor Nevins has dealt with the subject as a whole fairly and justly, without exaggeration. The reader may accept his statements, his viewpoints, and conclusions as being uniformly about correct. Frémont accomplished a great deal in several directions. He was bold in the extreme. He was sometimes injudicious and this latter quality led him into numerous troubles. For example it was anything but judicious, when he took over the Mariposa Grant, to proceed immediately to make enemies by armed opposition of those who were already operating claims on it and precipitate thereby a state of serious local war.

In the West he has five expeditions to his credit. One, two, and three, were U. S. Government affairs. They were successful. Four and five were private ventures and both were failures. Two and three actually were spying military investigations of foreign territory up and down and back and forth through that territory, not only without any leave, but contrary to special orders of that foreign government.

Number one was over no new trail except for a short reconnaissance in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. *Number two*, when coming south from Des Chutes River, was over new ground, eliminating the mythical Buenaventura River and demonstrating that the Sierra Nevada could be crossed in winter, Jed. Smith previously having crossed in May. It also disclosed the nature and status of Sutter's Fort; and Sutter's own attitude towards the United States was put under scrutiny.

Number three was a purely military reconnaissance through Mexican territory with a company of sixty-two trained riflemen. It was also intended to show that the United States meant to move on California by land, as it already had shown by sea, and annex that region before any other nation in watchful waiting could do it. Frémont and his riflemen made a profound impression on the officers of the British warship at Monterey. There was a good deal of camouflage about this expedition.

Number four expedition was intended to discover what obstacles, if any, existed to operating a railway across the Continental Divide in winter—a point that was in controversy, the "experts" declaring it to be impossible. Frémont therefore insisted on hitting the San Juan range, in Colorado, in winter and he persisted in the teeth of a vicious blizzard. He was beaten to a frazzle with great losses in men and animals as well as equipment. Retreating to Taos he recuperated and proceeded to California by the easy southern route touching Mexico. Nothing at all new in this expedition.

Number five expedition was much like number

JACKET DESIGN FOR "MAYA," DRAWN BY DARCY

four. It was a railway reconnaissance. In this he struck southerly after crossing Green River, bucking the high plateaus of the Wasatch in winter while Beale and Heap, almost at the same time, took an easier route at lower altitudes and had no trouble. Frémont reached the Mormon settlement of Parowan, Utah, with one man gone and the whole party destitute. The homes of Parowan were cordially opened to them. They were fed and revived and then proceeded across southern Nevada (this part new ground) to California. Frémont never forgot this great kindness of the Mormons and he refused ever to say a word against them although it was the fashion then to denounce them roundly at every opportunity. A part of the way in the Wasatch may have been new.

In his military career Frémont met with misfortunes similar to those of his explorations. The same was also true of his commercial operations. He named the Golden Gate—a happy name—he determined the extent of the Great Basin, which also he named, and in general his scientific material was of vast importance. Wherever he went, he observed and recorded, and this is to his credit more than being the greatest adventurer which he was not.

Professor Nevins has treated the military side of Frémont's life more fully than it has ever been presented before and he has done it with remarkably clear insight into the conditions of that troublous period when politicians thought they were generals and could bring the Civil War to a close in sixty days.

There was in Frémont an inscrutable, intangible, inexplicable something which was the cause of his always missing the supreme draught of the cup. Professor Nevins has dealt with these intricacies of character in a masterful way and, while freely discussing them, has, at the same time, established the fact of the large, fine, almost noble quality of Frémont as a man.

'Tis Pity

MAYA. By SIMON GANTILLON. Translated by ERNEST BOYD. New York: The Actor-Managers. 1928.

Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN

NOW that the District Attorney has had his way and "Maya" has been swallowed up by the Wales Law, because "competent judges" among New York officials held it to be dangerous to public morals, a slim, little volume, wrapped in a significant yellow jacket, is all that remains to give Simon Gantillon's play a clean bill of health in this country. But it is enough—in fact, far more than enough—for "Maya" must seem even less dangerous in the reading than it did in the playing, which is only one way of saying that it does not seem dangerous at all. It does, however, commit one offense which is little short of heinous in the eyes of those same officials who never for a moment thought of padlocking the Century Theatre when "The Shanghai Gesture" played a return engagement there, the very week before "Maya" was closed. It is laid in a house of prostitution—not a Chinese house, of course, but just a simple, dingy little room on the waterfront of Marseilles. That alone has been enough to have proscribed "Maya" in New York. But fortunately it has not, at the present writing at least, been enough to induce the vigilant District Attorney and the no less vigilant Police Department to padlock the presses or the bookstores which have issued and distributed "Maya" for these same Actor-Managers who produced it. "Maya" is to-day only a book, where yesterday it was a play, but as a book it is supposed to have lost (by that illusive distinction which exists in the eyes of the authorities between what is permissable in print and on the stage) that very naughtiness the city officials led an unsuspecting public to believe existed in the play.

* * *

To anyone who is able to see the woods in spite of the trees, as Ernest Boyd points out in his prefatory note, it is crystal clear that "naughtiness" and box-office salaciousness are far removed from Monsieur Gantillon's intention. He makes his Bella a prostitute, not because he wants to give Mr. Banton a job, but because he is deeply concerned with finding a symbol that can show woman as man's illusion, meaning all things to all men. Obviously, he would not have been able to make his point by choosing Martha Washington or any of the immaculate worthies who live in the hotel that bears her name. The prostitute he creates, however, is no ordinary follower of the world's most venerable profession. She is not even the Bella she seems to be to the unfortunate women who live in the same dreary street with her. Instead she is Bella-Maya, who is real only according to the reality she possesses in the eye of the beholder. Each man sees her with the eyes of a different desire, or comes to her hungry with a new need. She is a confidante and confessor, to whom the broken, miserable men of this waterfront carry their troubles. And, from the prologue to the final curtain of the ninth scene, she is continually stressed (and, incidentally overstressed) as a woman with a cosmic meaning, a shadow and a poignant symbol.

* * *

Throughout Monsieur Gantillon has told no story, relied on no plotting, and backed up his disconnected episodes with small concern for complicating incidents. His devotion to his symbol is almost wholesale, and to that end he subdues the realism of his locale to a few, scattered, deep-cutting, self-pitying details and crams his play with the all too verbal sufferings of his people. Scene follows scene, showing Bella as the centre of a new illusion, but each follows one another without mounting to any climax of true power, or always explaining their real necessity. Accordingly, as the play runs its solemn and sincere course, it can not ward off the monotony that lurks in the very method Monsieur Gantillon has employed. His nine scenes, with their forestage prologues, are so constantly pitched in one key that they almost defeat their own purpose by turning tedious, a crime for which, unfortunately, the District Attorney offers no punishment. The idea is hammered home, stated, restated, and then repeated with scant variations but it is not displayed. Monsieur Gantillon has strung his necklace with too many beads of the same size, and then held them together by a purely arbitrary clasp. Having so loose a structure and without any inevitability of form or length, "Maya" seems when the ninth scene is

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reached, to be, like any street procession, capable of being one block longer or two blocks shorter without anyone ever really caring. Often, however, it rises to moments of affecting and haunting beauty. In two scenes, in particular, when Bella, who has been shut up in her street for several years, tries to get together enough clothes to go to her little daughter's funeral, and, later, when a homesick Norwegian seeks her out as the one person who will listen to stories of his family, it rings with a kind of biting, mordant tragedy that is as rare in the theatre as it should be welcome when written so surely and profoundly. "Maya" is by no means a great play, or even an unusually good one. It is a sincere one, however, and, due to the District Attorney and the Police Department, it has become an important one. In any event, in its published form, it provides interesting reading, and makes a comment on the way in which official minds must work, that is even more interesting, not to say alarming and dangerous.

Inasmuch as Mr. Sayler, who has conducted the department, The Play of the Week, since its inception last fall, has been professionally connected with the production and publication of "Maya," he delegated his review of the play to Mr. Brown. Before it could be published, "Maya" was denied the stage.

A Scholar and a Man

LETTERS OF WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. Edited by CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. PAGE

PROFESSOR HAZEN begins this collection of letters in this wise:

"William Roscoe Thayer, the author of this book . . . "

That is a great opening sentence for a book of letters, especially as the editor lives up to the promise given in this sentence. The volume is almost entirely made up of Thayer's letters, the connecting tissue being small in amount, but well chosen and adequate. When Professor Hazen's letters come to be published, may some other editor deal equally generously with him!

After the last letter in the volume comes this paragraph:

> Such are the letters of William Roscoe Thayer. They present, in its essential features, the biography of a man. What he aspired to be, what he attempted to do, and what he did, what he thought of men and events, what books and pictures, and music, and friends meant to him are revealed as in a mirror with great fidelity and simplicity. No affectation, no pose, no pretensions nor mannerisms stand between him and the reader, tending to impede the light, to distort or disturb the picture. Instead, sincerity, naturalness shine forth from every page he wrote.

Mr. Thayer set for his life's task the writing of one great biography. His modesty prevented his use of that adjective, but none the less that was his proper ambition. And he succeeded in that task. His preparatory volume, "The Dawn of Italian Independence" (published in 1893), and "The Life and Times of Cavour" (published in 1911), marked the successful achievement of the task he had assigned to himself when a boy and on which he began serious work in 1889.

But in the "Cavour" he did more than present the world with a biography of that great statesman. He presented to American historians a forceful argument for recording the lives of interesting men in an interesting manner. And in the example he gave in proof of his theory he forever confuted those recorders of irrelevant detail who held firmly to the doctrine that interest and accuracy could not abide within the covers of a single book.

In it and in his "John Hay," he gave a great impetus to the improvement in the writing of biography in America which has been so notable in the past fifteen years. He became the leader in a new school of biographers. Both of these books set new standards of success in compelling public attention. They were both as successful with the public as with the scholars. Few people contribute as much as a great book and a great idea to the world.

Thayer described his theory of biography in one of his letters to Theodore Roosevelt. He wrote:

> Dear Theodore:
>
> I did not hear till last night, from an Overseer who was dining here, of the very kind allusion you made to my "Life of Cavour" at the Overseers' Meeting a week ago.
>
> I am doubly glad that you spoke up—first, because it is a satisfaction to have one's work commended in that presence, and, next, because, coming from you, the remarks cannot fail to be discussed. There is also a third reason, namely, that I am glad that *you* agree with me that history should be vivid, and vital, and significant. On this last point, judging from your own work, I had little doubt, but of course I didn't know how my concrete specimen would strike you.
>
> The historian in America to-day, who has any noble conception of his calling, is the least understood of artists: for the standard set by the history departments of our colleges is the Ph.D. thesis. Unless you write in that fashion, you can't be a historian. It is as if the stone-cutters at the quarry should vote that no architects were needed for planning a building, or the paint-grinders should vote the Titians and Rembrandts out of existence.
>
> In France, and (largely) in England, too, this absurd notion about historians has passed out: but it clings on here, with other Teutonic barnacles. Now you are *dynamic*, and so it occurs to me to suggest to you to give this subject proper treatment in one of your articles. I fully expect to see the day—if I live ten or fifteen years longer—when even in our colleges history will take its proper place. From the beginning of time there has been irreconcilable warfare between pedants—treadmill men—and those to whom life is, under whatever aspect, real.
>
> I have no personal grievance. Far from it. The "Cavour" has gone into a second edition in less than two months—a success which, judging from what the publishers say, has not been matched here by any historical book of like cost about a foreign celebrity—not even by Prescott or Motley. But what gives the author solid satisfaction is the unexpected and almost unstinted praise of experts like Lodge and John T. Morse, and of keen, sound readers of many tastes and environments—from Governor Long and Dr. Crothers here, to lawyers and thinkers in far removed places. London, too, absorbed the first consignment in a fortnight, and cabled for more.
>
> All this I take to mean that there are thousands of red-blooded people who will read history if they find in it what they look for in any live account of men and women who, in their day, were very much alive.
>
> I am watching our political situation with keen interest. I can't help feeling that if you would lead a frank, low tariff campaign, you would sweep the country.
>
> Ever very truly yours,
>
> WM. R. THAYER.
>
> P. S.—It is hardly necessary for me to add, in regard to the Ph.D.s' standard, that I believe as earnestly as any of them in the need of thorough research; only, I make the collection of material the *beginning* and not the *end* of the historian's task. You don't find Morley or Bryce or John Morse parading their bibliographies!
>
> Merry Christmas!

"The Letters of William Roscoe Thayer" is a book to get and read, for it will introduce the reader to a scholar of humanity, wit, and wisdom, and a man of courage and character. Such people are not so frequently met with that the easy opportunity of getting into intimate touch with one of them ought to be lighly passed by.

The Road to Rome

TIME AND WESTERN MAN. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

HAD one been seeking a philosopher on the misty shores of England in 1914, the last place he would have looked would have been between the covers of *Blast*, that wild-haired manifesto of "vorticism" edited by Wyndham Lewis, with the assistance of Ezra Pound and others. Hardly more likely would one have been, in 1918, to search the pages of "Tarr," that brilliant and brutal satiric novel of Paris art life written by Lewis three years before. In these early creations there was evident an exacerbated genius, burstingly alive, with an enormous verbal gusto and a passionate indignation over something—though just what, the author neglected to make clear. After the war Mr. Lewis retired into solitude for five years to meditate, and then emerged, a chastened man, as he believes. He has now foresworn the companionship of Pound, Joyce & Co., and pursues these "revolutionary simpletons" with all the ardor of a neophyte. He has been converted to the faith of Reason, Intelligence, and Logic, to Philosophy and Classicism. His temperamental irascibility discovers its cause to be the romanticism and emotional subjectivity of the present age, centered in a debased worship of Time.

The clarifying process of these five years has, however, been altogether in the realm of opinion, not in that of personality. Mr. Lewis is still the same Mr. Lewis. This is seen not merely in the retention of the old favorite phrases such as "snobbery" and "High-Bohemia," but in his whole manner, bitter, truculent, denunciatory. He is a slave of the very romantic restlessness which he attacks; the repetitious, vorticist movement of his style circles around and around its subject like a beast of prey; he conceives of philosophy as a battle-field. There is more of classical ease and repose—more of the timeless—in one page of the time-philosophers, Whitehead, Alexander, and Croce than in all of Mr. Lewis's agitated defence of timelessness. It would be a great mistake, nevertheless, to leap to the conclusion that Mr. Lewis is therefore no philosopher at all. There have been irate philosophers ere now; Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, for example. It is merely peculiarly unfortunate that Mr. Lewis's temperament and his philosophy should so remain at war, for readers who would naturally respond to the one will be disgusted with the other—and thus the work of a really fine intellect receives far less than its deserts.

* * *

Karl Marx long ago pointed out that industry, unlike agriculture, is by its very nature committed to change and revolution, shifting great crowds of men from one type of work to another as new developments occur. (Think, for example, of the rise of Detroit and the automobile.) Furthermore, with industry Time acquires a new value. The farmer must be content to wait upon the seasons, the hunter must lie in ambush, the fisherman knows long hours of quietude; like science and philosophy these occupations call for patience; in all of them he often travels farthest who moves the slowest. Not so in industry. Here the profits are strictly in proportion to the speed. Minutes "mean" millions. Hence in an industrial age human psychology will inevitably take on a temporal cast. And we have the glorification of speed as against leisure, of action as against thought; we have the dogma of swift progress; we have the life of the moment, packed with sensations, full of disproportionate enthusiasms, vulgar advertising, and unchecked propaganda. And, since man is an animal not made to sprint incessantly, we have wide-spread neuroticism, with its concomitants, sex perversion, revival of superstition (under the genteel name of "mysticism"), reversion to the primitive, national hatreds, and a general breakdown of the intelligence. All of these characteristics of the present Western World are so obvious that had Mr. Lewis done no more than point them out as many another has done before him he would not be worthy of particular attention. What gives significance to Mr. Lewis's "Time and Western Man" is that he demonstrates that the same mental bias arising from a time-philosophy vitiates the work of even the leaders of contemporary critical thought. The man-in-the-street and the philosopher have joined hands with the industrialist in the mad race toward destruction.

* * *

Mr. Lewis, unwisely I think, begins with a rather loose and popular account of the influence of the *Zeitgeist* on certain figures in contemporary literature, notably Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, and James Joyce. Pound he dismisses as a pseudo-revolutionist, without originality but with a *flair* for imitation, who has become a professional claqueur for whatever is "the latest thing" in art. In Gertrude Stein's "Gargantuan mental stutter" he finds an artificial return to childhood, accompanied by an attempt to use language as an expression of pure time. In "the glut of matter" which is Joyce's "Ulysses" Mr. Lewis sees "the fluid material gushing of undisciplined life," a hog-wash of unselected things instinctively accumulated, Poldy Bloom an incarnation of the Flux which sweeps over and obliterates Stephen Dedalus the impotent poet of a past day. All this is excellent, but is intermingled with an incredibly inept comparison of Gertrude Stein with Anita Loos, and with transparently paradoxical assertions of Joyce's "geniality" and "elaborate decency."

Not until Mr. Lewis reaches the philosophers,

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curiously enough, is he really convincing. But three-fourths of his book is given up to them, and here he does some hard and productive thinking. Neglecting minor differences and the conventional distinctions between "realism" and "idealism," he traces subtly and dexterously most startling lines of affiliation between philosophers of supposedly divergent schools. The overwhelming influence of Bergson he finds, not only where every one finds it in the work of William James, but equally in the work of Croce and Gentile, Spengler, Alexander, Whitehead, and Bertrand Russell. Bergson was the first overtly to change Time from an abstract relation into a substance, and in this, the fundamental consideration, the rest have followed him. The World-as-History of Croce, Gentile, and Spengler, just as much as the most arrant pragmatism, makes truth a changing thing, a function of the moment. The Einsteinian Flux, Mr. Lewis insists, is the Bergsonian Flux in only a slightly new aspect; Alexander's "Space-Time" is merely a flattering phrase for "Time," *tout court;* "Emergent Evolution" is our old friend "Creative Evolution" rebaptized. Mr. Lewis appropriately makes merry over the baby-philosophy of Watson and the drill-sergeant methods of the great Testers, Yerkes and Yokum. In all of these contemporary philosophies he points out the attack, explicit or implicit, upon Mind and Consciousness. Whitehead's "organic philosophy," Mr. Lewis asserts, gives us a universe which is no less mechanical for being alive; and a living machine the size of the universe is the most horrible monster yet imagined. These disciples of Bergson have inherited the complacency of their master, but neither they nor he have any right to it. Behind Bergson stands his ancestor Schopenhauer, whose "Will" was the original source of its close analogue, the "Elan Vital." "Schopenhauer," writes Mr. Lewis, "was completely sincere, hence his 'pessimism': Bergson was not sincere, hence his optimism."

Perhaps, however, Mr. Lewis is more redoubtable as a philosophical polemicist than as a constructive philosopher. The present book is avowedly merely destructive, but the hints which he gives of his own position are not reassuring. That position may be briefly indicated as a half-hearted Bradleyan idealism with a large admixture of Lotze. Such a combination cannot possibly remain stable. Mr. Lewis, although he tries to eliminate the problem from these pages, is much concerned with the need of a personal God. He will find no satisfaction for that desire in absolute idealism. His natural goal lies in quite another direction, as he already partly realizes. The one work in contemporary philosophy which he wholeheartedly praises—and most deservedly—is the Neo-Scholastic "God and Intelligence" by the Catholic priest Fulton J. Sheen. Mr. Lewis writes these significant words: "We should support the catholic church perhaps more than any other visible institution, but . . . *outside* we can actually assist that church more than we could *within* it" (italics mine). I give Mr. Lewis five years in which to transpose his propositions. The road to Rome is winding, but it certainly leads to Rome.

"While the dignity and literary interest of Westminster Abbey have received one more enrichment by the reception of Thomas Hardy's remains," says John O'London, "it is curious to note how gradual and casual the assembling has been. Dean Stanley pointed out that of the three greatest names in England's roll of intellect, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Newton, only the last is inscribed on an Abbey tomb. Shakespeare has a monument, Bacon nothing. There are no monuments to Keats, Shelley, and Byron. Cowley is honored there, but not Waller; Beaument, but not Herrick; Denham and Drayton, but not Marlowe and Suckling. Milton's parodist, John Philips, was given a monument in the Abbey at a time when Milton's own name was considered as an impossible 'pollution of its walls.' Some absences became too glaring to be endured. Robert Burns was given a bust fifty years ago; Scott a bust only about twenty years ago; and Coleridge's bust was unveiled by Mr. Lowell in 1885. On the other hand, Matthew Arnold is represented by a bust, though few visitors find it; here promptitude was matched by modernity, for you may study the cut of the great critic's coat and the shape of his collar and necktie. In the same dark corner which has received Arnold's bust Wordsworth is represented by a feeble and moping statue; why is not our greatest poet since Milton honored in Poets' Corner itself?"

Mr. Moon's Notebook

March 15: *A Memory of a Memory*

AN odder mind than that of my acquaintance, George Hackney, I have rarely encountered. Turning over a miscellaneous assortment of papers in my desk the other day I came across sundry abortive scribblings of George's. There was the outline, for instance, of his novel, "Trinity," a novel destined never to be written. I had forgotten its rather irreverent book divisions. Book One was entitled "Father"; Book Two: "Son"; Book Three: "Holy Ghost." The tale was to be one of those father-and-son novels of rebellious youth, save that it would naturally possess a peculiar twist of George's own, and a surprise climax which, even at this late date, I shall not reveal; for, wherever George is by this time, some day he may return to us and to that story. I doubt it enormously, but he may. However, I feel no compunction in setting down his opening paragraph to "The Glassy Sea," which was to have been the first chapter of the first book of his novel. He may damn me for it when we next meet, if ever again we do; but he will damn me gently; he will not really care; he will pass on to abundant quotation from poetry and parody, between imbibations, the recreation he loved best of a long afternoon,—and he possessed one of the most extraordinary memories for out-of-the-way verse that I have ever known in mortal man. George preferred above anything else to idle thus, where there was plenty to wet the throttle. But first, to this paragraph from his own slipshod holograph. (It seems to me such a pity that the man was never able to produce more than fragments, for his mind used positively to bristle with fictional ideas):

> Church to him was a great drowsiness. For some inscrutable reason many people spent Sunday morning all being drowsy together. At that early stage of his existence he did not know what it was to be bored; but he could feel the pall of boredom that stifled as with heavy velvet the minds of the congregation. Church was hard on your knees and it made you sleepy. There was a pervading narcotic smell of pew-cushions, feminine apparel, artificial flowers in hats, kid gloves, and prayer and hymn books. It was forbidden to do anything in church except sit still. It was rather pleasant for a short period of time just to sit still and to feel "good"; but this never requited for the longer period of time during which a thousand pleasing things suggested themselves, any one of which would have outraged the sanctity of that ruminative stillness. People knelt with their eyes shut, and there was a wide rippling murmur of responses. When they came to "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," in the Litany, it sounded like the swish of foam on a beach. He liked the hymns best, and the Benedicite, Omnia Opera Domini—the latter because it had things like
>
> O ye *Whales,* and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and *mag*-nify *him* for e-e-ever.

There the scribble breaks off. George would say, at that point, to himself, "Gawd, how sickening!" and just let it go at that. He was never consecutive about anything. Indeed, he would probably drop a poised pencil quite suddenly to stare at you owlishly over the top of his eyeglasses and intone,—well, this perhaps, which used to be a great favorite of his:

> *Chidden* still murmurs
> *Slapped* and *Rapped* complain,
> *Hurt,* with a thousand tongues
> Whines out his pain.
>
> This is the learning
> Unto which we come:
> *Properly Walloped* is forever dumb.

And if you happened rightly to attribute it to the embittered and saturnine T. W. H. Crosland, Hackney would give his short bark of a laugh and appear distinctly pleased. George was one of the queer ones of life who have somehow been too badly hurt by it ever to reveal to you just what it was that hurt them. A man of many talents, he never would really exercise them. He liked few people. On a small private income he traveled a good deal, though you could rarely find out where his travels had taken him or just what he had been doing. There was another verse of Crosland's that I recall he used occasionally to quote in a hang-dog sort of way, looking at one slyly out of the corner of his eye:

> When all is done
> Fate worketh thee no ill,
> Leaving thee still
> Thy skill,
> Thy furious wise will,
> And thy heart of stone.

I think he rather prided himself upon the possession of a "heart of stone," which was infinitely far from the actual truth, of course. But the "furious wise will" part of it was very like George.

I have been trying to remember, however, the kind of thing that would go on when Hackney was really in form, over his favorite beverage, and fully launched upon quotation. All one had to do was to listen,—and I remember a good many of his favorites—at least, I remember scraps from them. He was extremely fond of old parodies. He was the only person I ever knew who could recite Charles Stuart Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull" complete, or Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch's "The New Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens." With what gusto he would chant:

> And there ye have a little triangle
> As bonny as e'er was seen;
> The whilk is not isosceles
> Nor yet is it scalene!

Arthur Clement Hilton's "Octopus," in imitation of Swinburne, was another favorite. But Charles Godfrey Leland's "Topside Galow," that extraordinary feat in Pidgin-English singsong, overtopped them all. I recall from it

> Ole man talkee, "No can walk,
> By'mby lain come—velly dark,
> Hab got water, velly wide,"
> Maskee, my must go top-side,
> Top-side galow!
>
> "Man-man," one girley talkee he,
> "What for you go top-side look-see?"
> And one tim more he plenty cly,
> But 'allo-tim walkee plenty high,
> Top-side galow!
>
> "Take care t'hat spoilum tlee, young man
> Take care t'hat ice. He want man-man."
> T'hat coolie chin-chin he, "Good night!"
> He talkee my can go all light
> Top-side galow!

James Kenneth Stephen and Henry S. Leigh, of course, he knew well,—but his preference among all parodies, I think, was for Horatio Smith's travesty of Tennyson. It is called, "An Attempt to Remember the Grandmother's Apology." I know that Hackney's favorite verse was:

> "Marry you, Willie!" said I, and I thought my heart would break,
> "But a man cannot marry his grandmother, so there must be some mistake."
> But he turned and clasped me in his arms and answered, "No, love, no,
> Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago!"

Another verse, almost equally well-loved, followed quickly:

> Pattering over the boards, my Annie, an Annie like you,
> Pattering over the boards, and Charlie and Harry too,
> Pattering over the boards of our beautiful little cot,
> And I'm no exactly certain whether they died or not.

But not entirely by parody was my friend George beguiled. He has been known to murmur, in another mood:

> Then came brave Glorie puffing by
> In silks that whistled, who but he!
> He scarce allowed me half an eye:
> But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

And Hackney the last man in the world, you would have said, to care a rush for George Herbert! Yet was he never averse, at least to judge from the poetry he chose to remember, to the mystical. There was that little-known poem by Laurence Housman, "Young Bloods," for the last stanza of which, in particular, Hackney cherished a great fondness:

> Then saw I pacing at our side
> Three Strangers passing fair;
> And easy, easy went the stride
> Of feet that moved on air.
> Bright Bodies, how their raiment shone!
> Their heads were lost in light.
> "We shall be whipped for this!" said John,
> "Or each be made a Knight!"

And I can recall on one occasion how surprised I was when his steel-blue eyes lighted with an unusual excitement and he leaned forward on the

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table saying in his most impressive tone—and staring the while as if he saw a vision—

> What phantom is this that appears
> Through the purple mists of the years,
> Itself but a mist like these?
> A woman of cloud and of fire;
> It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,
> The town in the midst of the seas.

The younger critics may cavil as they will. That was one moment in my life in which lines of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's seemed to work a veritable conjuration.

Can we guess at any concealed sources of pain in Hackney's life, from such quotations? He is gone, and gone with him an uncompiled anthology which would have contained many curiosities. One day, ten years ago, he was occupying his small room in a house on Christopher Street, rising late and sitting up till the small hours of the morning,—reading, reading, incessantly reading, save when he ventured forth with a crony or two,—drinking, drinking, incessantly drinking, I might say with quite as great truth,—for that was his failing. The next day he was gone, having scrupulously paid off his few debts. I do not believe he ever possessed a trunk. He had two large suitcases chiefly full of books and papers. He left no slightest clue to where the whim took him this time. But, recalling the lines of "Ironquill" that appealed to him:

> There is a clouded city, gone to rest
> Beyond the crest
> Where cordilleras mar the mystic west.

I like to think of him sojourning somewhere amid remote natural magnificence and where

> there are lofty temples, rich and great,
> And at the gate,
> Carved in obsidian, the lions wait.

Yet, for all I know, he may only have repaired to Jersey or to Westchester, dropping out of sight, according to habit, tired of all his acquaintances,—for he could hardly be said to have friends.

Something was quite wrong with Hackney, and I never found out what it was. He was a man averse to confidences. I never knew anything of his private affairs. He was a voice of quotation. He remains merely a memory of a memory. There are such individuals. They seem to imply so much more than they are. The queer part about it is, they often foster the illusion that they are of far more importance than the people of achievement. For they are veritably the children of wonder.

(*To be continued*)

Chinese Art

CHINESE PAINTING. By JOHN C. FERGUSON. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1927. $12.50.

Reviewed by LANGDON WARNER
Harvard University

THIS book will be received with mixed emotions in America. Students of the subject will find the first adequate presentation of the Chinese point of view, while those more casually interested will be delighted at illustrations of pictures which have never been available before. Artists will con it and realize that a people, remote in space and time were, after all, closest kin. Not only grave young persons who take the study of art so seriously, but intelligent amateurs, avid collectors, and not a few men in the street are asking for the book on Chinese painting. This book of Dr. Ferguson, of course, is not *the* book, for that will never be written. But it is packed with lean meat on the history of Chinese art, prepared and tinned for foreign consumption, but obviously the product of China itself. And that, after all, is the great value that "Chinese Painting" possesses over the other books written in English on the subject. Here, for the first time, we have a compendium of Chinese lore implicitly believed in by Chinese scholars. We can take it or leave it, agree or disagree, accept details and reject whole chapters, but we cannot deny that the greatest adepts in the subject in the world have produced this body of critical material and it must be treated with respect by foreigners.

Binyon has written more charming essays, Waley has been ingenious and very scholarly; Giles, Hirth, Fischer, Grosse, and Kummel have lent spice to the subject by their quarrels; but nowhere in English (or Chinese for the matter of that) can one find quite such a torrent of tradition poured out.

As often as not one is irritated by the hoary respectability of it all and tempted to say, "What of it? I propose to make my own choice." That is fair enough in all conscience, but it is also fair to notice that Dr. Ferguson treads on, regardless of such defections. Where he deals in nebulous distinctions that do not distinguish or in esthetic judgments that do not convince, you will find that it is generally the fault of his subject. The ancients have said thus and so and it is his duty to bring forward whatever may prove to be useful evidence. Sometimes it does not appeal to the Western mind—so much the worse for the Western mind. His is not a hymn of praise for Chinese painting, but the first history of it in English which even begins to present the evidence.

* * *

Of course, the omissions are quite as Chinese as the inclusions. The enormous stream of Buddhist painting, which swept along from the sixth to the sixteenth century, is alluded to in passing, but not once illustrated unless the Wu Tao Tze be counted. It has been western opinion that the walls of the cave chapels of innermost China are decorated with some of the world's masterpieces. Chinese opinion ignores them. Sung and Ming frescoes that have come to Europe and America in the last three years are surely too splendid to be entirely neglected, but Dr. Ferguson is silent on the subject. He gives us the point of view which is "as near that of the native-born student as is possible to a foreigner." But I am not moved when he tells us that "Chinese writings and paintings must be considered in a class by themselves, surrounded by the literature and civilization of their own country, in order that their artistic appeal may have free course." It is a truism that the best Chinese paintings surmount such barriers and appeal immediately to any person who is sensitive to line and to color. If we could enjoy only after acquiring the Chinese spoken and written language, steeping ourselves in a foreign tradition, and learning to eat with chopsticks—there would be room for grave doubt whether the Chinese were indeed great artists. Naturally a background of Chinese culture enables the expert to take more pleasure in the less important works of art and to see further through the millstone of esoteric and mannered productions than is possible for the mere amateur, whose enjoyment is limited to masterpieces.

* * *

Of course, there will be bitter criticism of Dr. Ferguson for omitting to mention a large body of the finest Chinese paintings which are available to us westerners, namely, those in Boston. His fault is the graver because he includes so many paintings in New York which have not, on the whole, worn any better or been subjected to quite so searching a test by the scholars of the last quarter of a century. But this omission can almost be forgiven in our gratitude for the new facts which the author gives concerning the K'u Kai Chi in the British Museum and his re-attribution of a painting described by Chavannes and Pettrucci. Best of all, because of what he tells us of some of the paintings in the palace collection to which he has had more frequent access than any other foreigner.

The paragraphs on the distinction between the North and South schools of painting differ most interestingly from the loose talk on the subject which we are accustomed to hear, and his list of painters who must be included in both (or neither) category will cause some reconstruction of our preconceived ideas. Full as the book is, one gets the feeling that it might be fuller still, and that Dr. Ferguson might have branched off on a thousand interesting by-paths. What, for instance, of the ancient pigments? Since the death of his friend, Dr. King Pao Kung, there is danger that the tradition may die out.

* * *

In form the book is a credit to the University of Chicago Press. The illustrations from dim originals are adequate and the page and type delightful. An index, beside the list of Chinese names, would have been welcome; so too would have been a discussion of Chinese artists' and collectors' seals. The chapter called "Sources of Information" is so admirable that one wishes it had been double the length, as it could have been, and that the learned author had appended a real bibliography with his illuminating comments after each item.

Making of British Character

(*Continued from page* 697)

Here the author is at his worst because he does not realize how fully the inheritance of mental characteristics has been demonstrated. To him "a race is a physical classification and a nation a spiritual fact." He is not yet quite convinced that occupations, migrations, social usages, and various other conditions sort people out according to their mental traits, and that this sorting, even though very imperfect, tends to produce a definite mental slant which is hereditary and which for generation after generation may differentiate the people of one place or group from those of another. Nevertheless, even at his worst Dr. Barker is always worth listening to because he writes so clearly and fairly.

In discussing physical environment Dr. Barker's main thesis is one which geographers are at last coming to recognize. The environment does not say to man you must do this or that. It merely says "Here are the possibilities. Choose which you will. Or choose one now and another later." He might perhaps do well to go somewhat farther in pointing out that the environment *limits* the possibilities—only a few may prove profitable in any one country, and only one perhaps at a given stage of human progress. In England grass as food for sheep, wheat as food for man, the sea as a highway for commerce, and coal and iron as commodities for industry and trade, represent the four main geographical possibilities that have thus far been used. But does the future, he asks, still hold in store some unrealized resource which will carry England on when coal and iron fail? That is the sort of question which Dr. Barker repeatedly sets before us.

Far be it from the reviewer to quarrel with the geographical part of the book, for even if the author is skeptical of our theories as to historical changes of climate, he wholeheartedly accepts our complimentary conclusion that "if health and energy may be taken as the criteria of goodness, we (the British) have perhaps the best climate in the world." But does Dr. Barker reject the one conclusion and accept the other because one is false and the other true? Or is it because one cuts across his traditional line of thought and the other merges with it? We ask this question not as impugning the author's judgment, for we ourselves agree that the conclusion which he accepts is the one for which we have presented far the stronger evidence. We ask it to illustrate the nature of his book and his sterling sincerity.

* * *

But we are spending our time on that which precedes the author's main work. It is the spiritual factors which interest him most. With ever deepening enthusiasm he passes from the nature, growth, and significance of a national spirit to politics, law, government, religion, language, literature, and education as factors in past development and as signs of the future. Again and again he harks back to the idea that "man's choice determines his environment more than the environment determines his choice." Toward the end of the book he expresses it in quite another way when he says that "Kipling's pictures of the men who have made the British Empire have helped to make the men who have made the British Empire." Elsewhere he says that England's educational idea is still that of Dr. Arnold, and in Dr. Arnold's *order*, first religious and moral principle, second gentlemanly conduct, and third intellectual ability. He glories in the fact that religious instruction is still a part of the regular curriculum in the English public schools—not Public with a capital, but our common kind with a little letter. More significant even than this as an evidence of Dr. Barker's interpretation of how British character has been formed is this passage at the beginning of his discussion of the political factor:

> The language, the beliefs, and the laws of a nation determine, or at any rate influence, the nation from which they proceed. Men project the ideas of their minds into an outer world in which, escaping like fugitive birds from their creators, they acquire their own habitation, and from which they return to control or limit their originators. This is the universal experience of all creative minds—to originate an idea; to seek to realize it externally; and to find, as soon as it is realized, that it has escaped and is lost to its originator. . . . It is the tragedy of action, that men lose control over what they create; but it may also be the power and the triumph of action that the thing created transcends the ideas and intention of the creator.

Such a book, even though poorly printed and shockingly bound, is sure to live, for it will mold the thoughts of those who mold the thoughts of nations.

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The Bowling Green

The Birth of God

THE scene is the interior of a stony cave which opens toward the back of the stage. I am no student of palæolithic life, but I imagine we might put the date of the episode somewhere about 50,000 *B. C.*

The characters are Primitive Man and just about equally Primitive Woman. There are also two primitive children: age and sex not specified. For the benefit of producers I always try to keep things as simple as possible. Almost any athletic commuter or member of a suburban woman's club will be able to play these strong protozoic rôles with but little rehearsal. For the purposes of the fable I have endowed the characters with a modest English vocabulary, but you must not imagine that I underrate their intelligence.

I think I should add that the piece is not intended to be blasphemous; only a humble excursion into anthropology. And that it is not to be performed except by arrangement with the author.

A storm is raging outside the cave: wind, rain, thunder, lightning, the crash of breaking and falling branches. At one side of the cave, on a heap of dry leaves and boughs, the two children are sleeping under some furs. The amateur producer can represent these furs by one of those large coonskin coats, such as can be borrowed from almost any family that has a boy at New Haven. This will give excellently that palæolithic effect.

Primitive Woman is crouching terrified inside the cave. At each crescendo of the storm she cowers fearfully, goes to look protectively at her young, then gazes anxiously outward. After a specially loud crash she falls flat in abject fright.

Enter Primitive Man, a tough hairy bird kilted in skins, sheltering himself as best he can from the gale. He is wet and haggard. She seizes him, runs her hands over him to see if he is safe, clings to him. He looks off at the storm fearfully.

WOMAN—Frightened, frightened. Are you still strong? Not broken anywhere? I thought you were gone.

MAN (*frightened too, but a little encouraged by her greater weakness*)—I thought so too. Awful. The small ones?

WOMAN—They sleep. (*Lightning and thunder*) Sky noise frightens me. Can't you stop it?

MAN (*raises hands in despair*) Noise overhead, knocks down big trees.

(*More lightning and thunder*)

WOMAN (*shudders*)—That brightness.

MAN—The Big Noise is angry. (*They cower. Then, gradually plucking up his courage*) That brightness is terrible. But there is something in it that pleases me.

WOMAN—Say that here. Don't say it out there.

MAN—Sky has filled up the river. It spreads everywhere.

WOMAN—Could you find nothing for—? (*Gesture of eating*)

MAN—No. All living things were hid for fear—save one other.

WOMAN (*makes a gesture of despair—you must remember that they are really very badly frightened; and then asks*) One other?

MAN—I hunted with the Dark Woman.

WOMAN—With her? Why?

MAN—I met her by chance.

WOMAN—She has no cave of her own. It is not good.

MAN—The Big Noise broke a tree. It fell on her. She is quiet.

WOMAN—We could eat *her*.

MAN—I thought of that. She had good white meat.

WOMAN—More white than that? (*Shows her own skin where it is untanned beneath her fur garment. But he pays no heed.*)

MAN—She looked sad, bent by the tree. It made me unhappy, I came away. I think it is not good to eat friends.

WOMAN—We are cold, hungry, we—

(*Terrific lightning and thunder, and the crash of a tree falling outside. Both prostrate themselves.*)

MAN—If things go on like this, we're done for. Sky has lost his temper.

WOMAN—Oh, brightness came down like that. (*Makes zigzag gesture*)

MAN—Look, look! Sky has killed the tree. (*Points off, where the rain has ceased*) Sky has stopped pouring water. But the tree, what's happened?

WOMAN—It makes a mist.

MAN—The Big Noise has grown a flower in it. See, it climbs.

WOMAN—It means to kill.

MAN—I must see it.

WOMAN—Don't go—

MAN—I must. (*Dashes off, returns in an instant holding a smouldering bit of dead wood. They look at it in amazement*)

WOMAN—It is red on the end. (*Touches it, utters a cry of pain*) It bit me! I'm afraid!

MAN—It is a piece of that brightness that came from Sky. It's warm. (*Blows on it*)

WOMAN—It's alive! Look out!

MAN—I don't understand, but it makes me think—

(*Puts it down carefully on stone slab, broods over it*)

WOMAN—Perhaps it needs food, like us—

(*Man tentatively puts a dead leaf to it, which bursts into flame*)

MAN—Look! It is like the great heat in the sky.

WOMAN—(*apprehensively*) Be careful. Perhaps it is an enemy. It killed the tree.

MAN—It killed the Dark Woman.

WOMAN—It has great power.

MAN—It seems tame. (*But feeding it dry leaves and twigs he gets his fingers scorched and draws back in alarm*)

WOMAN—(*looking off, where the storm has ceased*) Sky has forgotten his rage.

MAN—It was this that saved us. It is part of the Sky Danger.

WOMAN—There are too many dangers. I only want food and sleep—and kindness. (*She clings to him, vaguely frightened*) Danger is cruel to us.

MAN—We were kind to Little Danger, we brought him in and fed him. (*Slowly, thinking this out*) Perhaps he told Big Danger—

WOMAN—Big Danger was pleased—

MAN—And told Sky, and Sky found his temper!

WOMAN—But if Little Danger spreads he will bite us all—

MAN—I have an idea. (*Gets an earthenware bowl, carefully puts in it the smouldering wood and twigs*) We'll put him in a place of honor.

WOMAN—Here, where he won't bite the small ones—

(*Indicates large stone with a flat top at side of the cave*)

MAN—Good! Now if we are polite to him perhaps he will tell his Father in Sky.

(*Puts bowl on the stone*)

See, he's sending messages already (*points to ascending smoke*)

WOMAN—I'm frightened. It will be so different. Will he always be there, watching us?

MAN—We must be careful. Speak to him in a very special way.

WOMAN—Give him dry leaves, they make him shine.

(*They do so, and the little fire burns in the bowl*)

MAN—It's queer—I'll have to think about this—I have a feeling it would be good luck to give him something we like very much.

(*They look at each other in perplexity. Then the Woman goes to one side of the cave and fetches a half-gnawed bone*)

WOMAN—I was saving this for you—

MAN (*examines the bone, reluctant to surrender it*) Isn't there anything else?—Oh, very well. (*Puts bone respectfully in the bowl*)

WOMAN—I don't know how to say it, but I feel different already.

MAN—So do I. (*Almost without knowing what they are doing, they find themselves making a tentative, shy, awkward bow toward the stone and the bowl*) We'll make up words for him that will please him.

(*The children wake*)

1ST CHILD—I'm hungry.

WOMAN—There, the storm's over, Daddy'll be able to find food for us now.

2ND CHILD—(*seeing the smoking bowl*) What's that?

1ST CHILD—Look, something new! (*They rush across*)

2ND CHILD—I want it!

1ST CHILD—It's for me—

MAN—Stop! Don't go near it.

WOMAN—Children, you mustn't touch it, it's magic.

MAN—The most wonderful thing has happened.

1ST CHILD—What's magic?

2ND CHILD—Where'd you get it?

MAN—It came from Sky. The Big Noise sent it to save us.

WOMAN—It brought good luck. It killed the Dark Woman.

MAN—It ended the storm.

WOMAN—It knows everything. If you're good, it'll take care of you.

MAN—If you do anything wrong, it'll be angry.

1ST CHILD—Daddy, how could we do anything wrong?

2ND CHILD—There isn't anything wrong to do.

WOMAN—Even the stone is magic. Don't touch it.

1ST CHILD—But that's just the old rock we used to crack nuts on—

MAN (*horrified*) Ssssh! Do like this when you go near it.

(*He crouches before the stone, and the others imitate him*)

2ND CHILD (*delighted*) It's a new game!

WOMAN—Say something so it won't be angry.

MAN—(*uttering what the anthropologist will recognize as humanity's first and sincerest prayer*) Little Danger . . . . be kind to us . . . . kill all our enemies . . . and don't send the Big Noise to frighten us . . . . give us enough to eat . . . . tell your Father in Sky we need all the help we can get.

(*Black stage. A curtain descends in front, shutting off the whole cave scene. The lights come on again immediately, this curtain is painted to represent a small cross-section of a church interior, with stained glass windows above and small sections of three pews seen end-on. A lady and two children enter from the Left and take these three seats, behind one another. The lady kneels devoutly, meanwhile the children behind her giggle and scuffle together. She turns to reprove them.*)

WOMAN (*in a strong whisper*) I'm ashamed of you both. Don't you know how to behave in Church? Church is different from other places.

1ST CHILD—Mother, he stuck a pin in me, right—

2ND CHILD—Well, tell her what *you* did—

WOMAN—God can see what you're doing.

1ST CHILD—I hope he saw him stick a pin in me—

WOMAN—He knows everything, and if you're good he'll—Ssssssshh, here's the minister.

(*Primitive Man enters Right. He has had time to slip on a surplice over his palæolithic garb and make the necessary improvements in his tenue. He reads with the proper solemnity*)

MAN—O God the Father, of heaven: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

(*The others repeat it, mumbling, after him*)

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

(*The others repeat it*)

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

(*They repeat it*)

From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

ALL—Good Lord, deliver us.

MAN—O God, Heavenly Father, whose gift it is, that the rain doth fall, the earth is fruitful, beasts increase, and fishes do multiply; Behold, we beseech thee, the afflictions of thy people; and grant that the scarcity and dearth, which we do now most justly suffer for our iniquity, may through thy goodness be mercifully turned into cheapness and plenty; for the love of Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL—Amen.

MAN—Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. . . .

(*As he intones these words, the Curtain slowly falls*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Books of Special Interest

A Review of 1927

MIRRORS OF THE YEAR. A National Revue of Outstanding Figures, Trends and Events of 1927-8. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1928.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

TO the purely personal and doubtless misanthropic taste of your correspondent, "Mirrors of the Year" belongs to that class of things with which the contemporary world is crowded—unnecessary things for which salesmanship creates a need or a tolerance. Who, in an earth afflicted as is ours with print, with fifty-two Sunday newspapers (let alone the more frivolous magazines) returned to their original pulp with most of their millions of fluently-written words unread, wants to buy at the end of the year, even more, read, several hundred pages of journalistic summary of things and events of which any newspaper reader —if people really read their newspapers— ought to know enough already? Who? . . . Plenty of people, doubtless, or the publishers would not now be offering their second series. And if we are—as we are—going to have seasonal styles in motor-cars, ninety-seven varieties of vacuum-cleaners, and all the other gimcracks of an industrial civilization trying to get rid of the fruits of its surplus energies, why not "Mirrors?"

These croaks duly emitted, let us hasten to say that the various reviews—and "revues"—herein gathered, are all written by capable and experienced hands, and by Americans living abroad, or on remote cattle ranches, or by those who insist on having even their news and literary chitchat predigested, they may be read with interest and some profit.

Commander Byrd writes about doings in the air, and Mrs. Wharton about the "great American novel"; there is retrospective comment from various sources on books, plays, movies, inventions, politics, jokes, sports, and clothes. Mr. Louis Bromfield criticizes criticism and comes to the conclusion that there isn't any. "We have passions, intolerence, wise-cracks, exhibitionism, criticism without background or standards, but very little cool and considered judgment, written with humor, detachment, sympathy, penetration, and authority. He disapproves of organizations which advertise that they "will solve your reading problem" and finds "two obvious abuses involved: (1) the employment of dignified critics in a commercial enterprise, (2) the employment of creative authors to pass judgment on the writing of other authors." From the Fashion Editor of *Vogue* we learn that if a woman has truly modern eyes she will understand a typical Louiseboulanger dress. If she doesn't, she simply doesn't know modern clothes. "Louiseboulanger mirrors the *chic*, the elegance of the very moment—like it or not. Not that Chanel is no longer smart, not that Vionnet is no longer inspired, but that Louiseboulanger. . . ."

❧ ❧

Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard's review of the Sacco-Vanzetti case stands out from most of the other contributions for its dignity, detachment, and real usefulness, but Mr. Herbert Asbury's summary of the year in the newspapers is scarcely less refreshing, in quite another way, for its candor and hard-boiled cynicism. To the complaint that newspapers aren't what they used to be, Mr. Asbury says "What of it?" with a loud "Bosh!" for those who talk of a subsidized press bending its knee to the barons of Wall Street.

Mr. Asbury thinks that "newspaper publishing is a business just as making pants is a business and the newspaper owner is as keen to make money as a pants manufacturer."

It is true that there are still editors and reporters who contend that they are professional men, but in the business offices they know better, and on the activities charts the editorial rooms are coldly labelled "starting-point of manufacture." The journalistic air will be considerably clearer when critics, public, and editors learn to accept newspaper publishing as a business, and big business at that, instead of attempting to regard it as a fourth branch of the government or as a sequel to Revelations. In truth, the newspapers should be praised for the gorgeous manner in which they present the imbecilities of the human race, and not scolded for failing to reform the world. If religion has not been able in two thousand years to effect improvement in mankind, what chance has journalism? . . . .

I don't accept the nothing-matters-anyway philosophy, even as applied to newspapers, but as a revolt against the mealy homilies and pollyanaism so frequent in popular journalism, there is something refreshing in Mr. Asbury's iconoclasm, particularly, through its implications, in such a volume as this.

Irén Gulácsy Pálffy, who is accounted Hungary's foremost woman writer, has recently issued a three volume historical novel entitled "The Black Bridegrooms." It deals with the period of the Turkish invasion when the battle of Mohács was fought.

American travelers who have in contemplation a trip down the Rhine this summer would find of interest the new novel by the dean of German women novelists, Clara Viebig. "Die Goldene Berge" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt), is a story of the life of the Moselle vintners, depicting their hardships, but offsetting the shadows of the tale by the sunshine of the Rhenish landscape.

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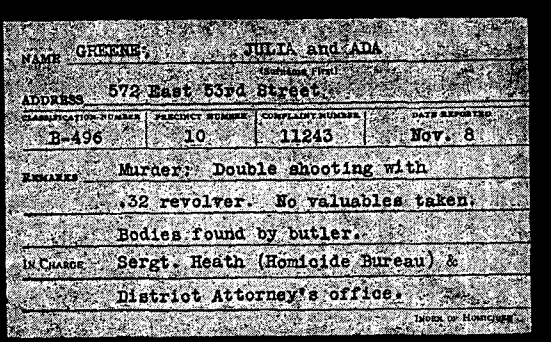
A PHILO VANCE STORY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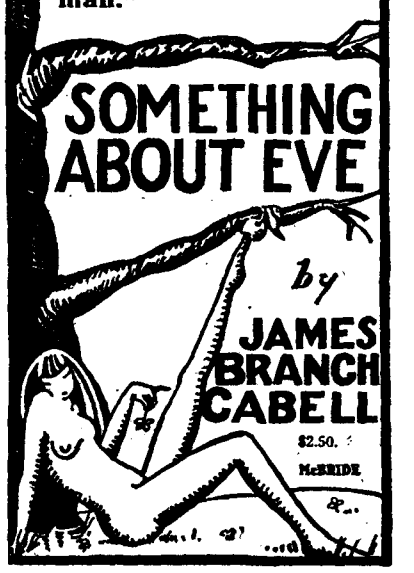

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Foreign Literature

In Southern Waters

LA MÉDITERRANÉE AMÉRICAINE. L'expansion des États-Unis dans la Mer des Antilles. Par JACQUES CROKAERT. 1927.

Reviewed by EDWARD T. BOOTH

ACCORDING to the preface by M. Jaspar, Prime Minister of Belgium, this book is a report of missions which the Belgian Government ordered the author, M. Jacques Crokaert, to undertake; a precise and lucid presentation of the political evolution which is going on in the Caribbean countries and the Pacific Ocean. The endorsement is qualified by the Prime Minister's statement that he does not always see eye to eye with M. Crokaert in matters of opinion.

For the general reader who wants information about the political fortunes of the Caribbean lands since the Discovery—especially since the Spanish-American War—"La Méditerranée Américaine" is a very readable and useful handbook. Our own journalists who have written about this region have not been so well informed and impartial. Even irresponsible travel books about these countries by Americans are apt to be colored by the author's prejudice for or against intervention. For the life of us, we see what we want to see politically, when we go voyaging in the American Mediterranean. Furthermore, it is fair to say that, compared with educated Europeans, we are generally superficial observers.

M. Crokaert's book is by no means profound. Much of it is frankly impressionistic. Some of it, mere prophecy. But it is written with a respectable special knowledge and considerable penetration and an almost perfect impartiality. If there is bias in the author's mind, it is a scarcely perceptible preference for American "imperialism" as compared with the British variety. There are passages which appear to tweak the Lion's tail ever so gently.

The author reminds us again of what Goethe may have been the first to observe, that Suez and Panama are the keys to political domination in the Eastern and Western hemispheres. He works out in detail strategic parallels between the old and the new Mediteranneans; Panama-Suez, Cuba-Malta, St. Thomas-Gibraltar, *et al.* He interprets the American Mediterranean in terms of straits clustered about the Panama Canal and does not withhold any secrets, nor offer praise or blame of the rapid growth of American influence in the Caribbean countries since the Battle of San Juan Hill in 1898. If American public opinion were as well-informed on this subject as M. Crokaert, there would be less wrangling and less insincerity in the public prints about intervention. If "La Méditerranée Américaine" were translated and widely read in this country, self-justification could be based on self-knowledge and American foreign policy would be greatly clarified for the average citizen.

A Frustrated Life

PARACELSUS. By FRIEDRICH GUNDOLF. Berlin: Georg Bondi. 1927.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL.

A FEW years ago the German novelist Erwin Kolbenheyer wrote two novels on the subject of Paracelsus, and this seemed to bring a renewed interest in the life and works of that curious, frustrated, but undoubtedly important pioneer of modern science, for a glance at publishers' lists in the past year or two would have revealed one or two editions of his chief works. And now here is a distinguished German critic with a monograph which is an excellent introduction to the story of Paracelsus the man and philosopher. It is curious that Herr Gundolf, in mentioning the literary inspiration of Paracelsus, which he parallels with Dr. Faustus, does not mention the best-known example of all, Browning's poem, but it may be said at once that those who find the English poet's note at the end of his poem insufficient, and other popular accounts, such as that of the Encyclopædia Britannica, too much engrossed in his scientific achievements, will derive no little benefit from this book. An English translation has much to recommend it, provided illustrations from Browning were added, for long passages there, the page-long soliloquy at the end, for example, find their apt elucidation in two or three lines of Herr Gundolf's biographical sketch.

The facts of Paracelsus's origins are soon given. He was born in 1493 at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, from an impoverished noble family. His father was a village doctor, who early turned the boy's thoughts in the same direction. Herr Gundolf, basing his conclusion on certain remarks by Paracelsus later, insists on the importance of his mother's influence, but we know really nothing about her. It was a time of general enquiry, but Paracelsus went further than even his most thoroughgoing contemporaries. They went to origins of a kind, but stopped short on arriving at certain authorities, at the Bible in religion and philosophy, at Galen in medicine, at the Corpus Juris in jurisprudence. Paracelsus, with an intolerance and directness that were the cause of his undoing, brushed all these aside. Without in the least being an alchemist, he urged direct enquiry into natural objects. Chemical combinations, organic substances, had an almost sacred significance for him. His long journeys, of which very little is known, were certainly much devoted to the direct investigation of natural phenomena, and it is a fact that he established the medicinal properties of the earth and springs in certain regions of southern Germany long before there was any science of geology, any idea of thermal therapeutics. For the world of natural phenomena Herr Gundolf places him with Columbus and Vasco di Gama—Erfahren, Durchfahren, Landfahren. And he had no negligible importance in the history of general German culture, for he gave expression to his thoughts, his speculations and experiments in the German language, rejecting the universal Latin medium.

For this Herr Gundolf ranges him with Luther, between whom and Grimmelhausen, he says, there was no German writer who wrote so directly from his actual experience, for his world was wider and his eye more piercing and comprehending than Hans Sachs and Fischart. He did not make of German a world-tongue, but he did what no one had done before, he established it forever in the German lecture-rooms, stating his motive clearly enough: "I write German, for if a new thing be found, why should it not have a new name?" It is, in short, as pioneer of German linguistic nationalism and scientific rationalism that Herr Gundolf here presents his hero, a *feurig-dunkle Faustseele*, whose general significance has too often been lost in technicalities and in the mass of his own verbiage.

Foreign Notes

STRAVINSKY has written a new opera entitled "King Œdipus," which is said to be a remarkable work, though from the nature of the play, which follows the classical tradition, it is said to be better adapted to the oratorio form in which it was recently presented in America, than to opera. "For the first time in the history of opera," according to a Viennese correspondent to the London *Observer*, "the men's choir will be posted in the orchestra. The soloists and choirs will be divided into two large groups—movable and immovable. Apart from the choir, which has to tell the story, Theiresias, the blind seer, has an 'immovable' part, while Creon, the messenger, and the shepherd are movable."

Under the general title of "Nesobrannje Pisma" some hitherto unpublished letters of Chekov have recently been issued in Moscow (State Press.) They have been edited by N. K. Piksanov.

In connection with the Ibsen centenary the University of Oslo this month opened an exhibition. Among its interesting features are a collection of all the known portraits of Ibsen; twelve paintings by the dramatist, who, had it not been for his father's bankruptcy, would have taken up art as a career; a miniature theatre showing the conditions which prevailed on the stage in his youth; first editions of his works, together with later editions in the Norwegian and foreign languages. Literature dealing with Ibsen and his works, letters, MSS., and illustrations are also included.

The Golden Cockerel Press has recently issued two new volumes, "The Fables of Æsop," in L'Estrange's translation, and "The History of Pompey the Little." The volumes are admirable library editions, adorned with wood engravings in the modern manner, and satisfactorily printed in Caslon type on fine paper. The Golden Cockerel Press is one of that numerous group of small printing and publishing ventures which seem to thrive in England. It was founded in 1920 by the late Harold Taylor, and is now directed by Robert Gibbings, at Waltham Saint Lawrence, in Berkshire. The Golden Cockerel books are interesting as being examples of thoroughly good type-setting.

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 24. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best set of verses called "The Passionate Policeman to his Love." Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, not later than the morning of April 2nd.

Competition No. 25. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best description, in the manner of Mr. Thornton Wilder, of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's thoughts and feelings on coming back to settle in Gopher Prairie after having won fame in the world. Entries, which should not exceed 400 words, should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 9th.

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE TWENTY-FIRST COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best rendering of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" into not less than ten lines of Milton blank verse.

Won by DAVID HEATHSTONE

THE PRIZE-WINNING POEM

IN legend it is told that Mary held
The lamb in vassalage and him possessed,
Who bore a fleece as soft and white as snows
That on a winter's night bedeck the crest
Of some Norwegian mountain top. And he
His adoration rendered unto her
Nor wished a higher joy: and where-soe'er
She bent her way, with bleat and gambol swift
Pursued the lamb, encircling all about
Like seraph clad in white, with trem'lo trump.
About the time of Mary's middle youth
When she had ventured forth unto the seat
Of learning which hard by her own abode
Stood fairly reared, came also there the lamb.
Oblivious to all the laws was he
That sternly had forbade his presence there
Nor recked as ought the gamin laughter raised
Against his entry where in serried rows
On benches sate a breed inferior
To his beloved mistress, though like her
In form were molded. Nor was he dismayed
When sternly thrust without by her who ruled
With written book and birchen rod: but near
He lingered, till at last all bathed in light
Against the darkness that within prevailed
Upon the threshold Mary stood revealed.
Then all the lesser humans raised a cry
And queried her who by appointment held
Sway absolute within the schoolroom walls
"Oh wherefore, what doth it betoken? Tell!
That as the angels of high heaven to God
Their endless adorations sing, the lamb
With like devotion renders Mary love."
Then of her wisdom she who taught spake thus,
The while she laid aside her rod and book.
"Long ere the lamb loved Mary, or had wit
To know her voice midst the chaotic noise
Of mortal babble: ere that day had dawned,
First Mary loved the lamb."

Mr. Heathestone's determination to win the prize was so keen that he submitted two entries, but he forgot the prosaic formality of appending his address, an oversight of which his great model might, after all, have been guilty. He still has, therefore, the duty of informing the *Saturday Review* office where he wishes his prize sent.

The list of entries was very large, and the average of them surprisingly good. Unfortunately most of the competitors limited their efforts to a more or less close paraphrase of the invocation to Book I of "Paradise Lost," and in attempting to reproduce the Miltonic language and manner forgot that it was merely the medium for telling the story of Mary and her lamb. Nevertheless some of these paraphrases were exceedingly good, so good in fact that the final decision rested on the quality of moral earnestness in Mr. Heathestone's contribution, which seemed to me to come closer to the spirit of Milton than did the others. In the pure imitation of the Miltonic style and in the ability to capture the phrases of the original several of the other entries were superior to his, especially at the beginning, where his is weakest. L. M., the winner of last week's competition, came the nearest to sustained parody of the form.

But Orpha Wellman succeeded better in conveying the movement and excitement of the famous scene in which the lamb is expelled. This quality of excitement is repeated several times in her long entry, but unfortunately her choice of words is not always as ingenious and discriminating as it should be.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.) 1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competition Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. ALL MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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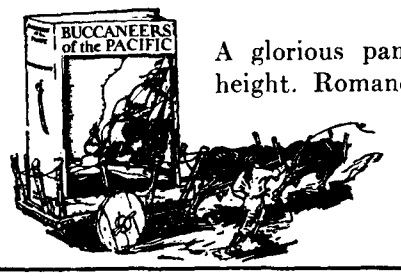

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

BRIGHTER FRENCH. By *H. T. R.* Payson & Clarke. $2.

THE SIAMESE CAT. By *Leon Underwood.* Brentanos. $3.

A TEMPLE OF TOPAZ. By *F. W. Boreham.* Abingdon Press. $1.75.

WORDSWORTH IN EARLY AMERICAN CRITICISM. By *Annabel Newton.* University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

REPRESENTATIVE PHI BETA KAPPA ORATIONS. Edited by *Clark S. Northup.* New York: Elisha Parmele Press.

THE LEGEND OF THE DECADENTS. By *G. L. Van Roosbroeck.* Institut des Etudes Francaises. (Columbia University.)

THE DELIGHT OF GREAT BOOKS. By *John Erskine.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

MEN AND THINGS. By *Will Judy.* Chicago: Judy.

BOOKS IN THE WOODS. By *Merrill Denison.* Ottawa: Graphic Publishers.

Biography

SIR JOHN HAWKINS. By JAMES A. WILLIAMSON. Oxford University Press. 1928. $7.

Hawkins's life was an eventful one and the events in which he participated momentous. His present biographer is less concerned, however, with portraying for the reader the character of the man or explaining the significance of the events than in discovering and examining facts upon which such a portrait or such an explanation may be based in the future. Thus the exciting narrative of the battle of San Juan de Ulua is halted while the author attempts an exact accounting of the men and ships involved; the conflict of character between Drake and Hawkins which contributed so largely to the failure of their last fatal voyage is apparently of no greater value in the record than the quantity and kind of food supplies which the latter took aboard. Mr. Williamson has successfully completed a praiseworthy and difficult task; the defect of his book is that we know little more of the essential Hawkins than when he began, and the merit that it considerably lessens the labors of any future historian who shall attempt the living portrait of its hero.

THE MAN OF IRON. By *Richard Dehan.* Stokes. $3.

FATEFUL YEARS. By *Serge Sazonov.* Stokes. $3.50.

OTHER DAYS OTHER WAYS. By *G. Bouchard.* Montreal. Louis Carrier. $2.50.

THE ANECDOTES AND EGOTISMS OF HENRY MACKENZIE. Edited by *Harold Williams Thompson.* Oxford University Press. $8.50.

THE SKULL OF SWIFT. By *Shane Leslie.* Bobbs-Merrill.

BARRIE. By *Thomas Moult.* Scribners. $2.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

MUSSOLINI, THE MAN OF DESTINY. By *Vittorio E. de Fiori.* Dutton. $3.

HENRY CLAY FRICK. By *George Harvey.* Scribners. $5.

ALGER. By *Herbert R. Hayes.* Macy-Masius. $3.50.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF FREDERICK BARON TRENCK. Stokes. $4.

SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH. Edited by *Arthur Crew Inman.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

SAWDUST AND SOLITUDE. By *Lucia Vora.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

ANDREW JOHNSON. By *Robert W. Winston.* Holt. $5.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD. Vol. IV. 1778-1779. Edited by *Sir John Fortescue.* Macmillan.

KIT CARSON. By *Stanley Vestal.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By *Luigi Salvatorelli.* Knopf. $4.

LETTERS FROM JOSEPH CONRAD. Edited by *Edward Garnett.* Bobbs-Merill.

THE OPINIONS OF ANATOLE FRANCE. By *Nicholas Ségas.* Dodd, Mead. $3.

THE LOW-DOWN. By *Charles G. Shaw.* Holt. $2.50.

Fiction

MEET MR. MULLINER. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Wodehouse is a reliable *farceur.* Much concerning Mr. Mulliner's strange relatives has already appeared in *Liberty,* in separate short stories. Consequently this book, to one reviewer, supplies nothing very new. The volume is rather back in the ruck of Wodehouse's quantity production. Nevertheless it is amusing idle hour reading. At his best Wodehouse is almost inimitable, though of late years we have really got more amusement out of Ben Travers and "Saki."

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN. By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF. From the Play by Bayard Veiller. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Through the medium of a newspaper reporter on the staff of a yellow journal the author relates in true tabloid fashion the case of Mary Dugan, a Broadway beauty accused of the murder of her wealthy paramour. The element of suspense is not lacking, but in general the reaction of the reader to the tale is that of mild curiosity.

THE WISE WIFE. By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE. Century. 1928. $1.75.

Mr. Roche has in the past written light novels of some spirit and ingenuity. But in "The Wise Wife" his skill deserts him; he flounders and gropes to no effect. The narrative is tenuous to the point of non-existence, the dialogue incredible, and the characters present themselves as distorted shadows of humanity. In short, the novel gives the reviewer no opportunity for favorable comment.

THE VERDICT OF THE SEA. By ALAN SULLIVAN. Dutton. 1928. $2.50.

Many of the incidents and characters in this tale are diverting and absorbing; in fact, we now and then pay Mr. Sullivan the compliment of remembering Conrad and thinking that here is material fit for him. Of course, Mr. Sullivan treats his narrative wholly in his own way, and we do not for an instant think of him as an imitator of Conrad. But the bare plot is, nevertheless, often Conradian. It has variety, as well as interest, and it is conducted with intelligence. Only one flaw is noticeable: an abrupt and artificial conclusion in the interests of the last-page embrace. The important matter, though, is that the sea is in the novel, and that ships are here, and the odd, buffeted individuals that keep the commerce of the world in proper flow. Although it possesses few literary graces, "The Verdict of the Sea" is throughout the greater part of its length genuinely entertaining.

THE TICK OF THE CLOCK. By HERBERT ASBURY. Macy-Masius. 1928. $2.

A very second-rate detective story. It begins rather well, and Inspector Conroy's examination of the thirteen suspects all in one room is a device that in master-hands might have been far more thrilling. One point that roused our risibilities in the wrong place was the tickling of Helen Walton in the taxi-cab, by her fiancé, because she was "moody and distrait." That is rather an odd start. Fiancés do not usually tickle in these circumstances! The explanation of the crime, at the end, seems to us clumsily handled and rather to smack of the tabloids.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. By *Joseph Gordon Macleod.* Viking.

THE SHADOW FROM THE BOGUE. By *Clement Wood.* Dutton. $2.

ON THE SIXTH DAY. By *Giuseppe Bianco.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

MOVING WATERS. By *Edward Noble.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

HIS ELIZABETH. By *Elswyth Thane.* Stokes. $2.

THE ICELAND FISHERMAN. By *Pierre Loti.* Translated by W. P. Baines. Stokes. $2.50.

THE GENERAL'S RING. By *Selma Lagerlöf.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

SCOTCH VALLEY. By *Mildred Cram.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

AN ACCIDENTAL ACCOMPLICE. By *William Johnston.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

ECOLA! By *Jacland Marmur.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

SEAPORTS IN THE MOON. By *Vincent Starrett.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

JANE CARROLL. By *E. Temple Thurston.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

ALL CHILDREN MUST BE PAID FOR. By *L. de Giberne Sieveking.* Brentano's. $2 net.

OLD ENCHANTMENT. By *Larry Barretto.* Day. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

TARKA THE OTTER. By H. WILLIAMSON. Dutton. 1928.

This is a nature book of rather unusual quality. The title is misleading, for it suggests one of those romantic, sentimental stories of heroic personalities in the animal world who feel and think and suffer and love like four-footed humans. Tarka the otter is heroic, but in the dogged otter way; he is intelligent but only in his animal

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

A Critical Attitude

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

There is something of Dostoievsky's "Myshkin" in Mr. Chauncey B. Tinker's critical attitude toward Ludwig Lewisohn's recent opus, "Cities and Men." This vermilion offering was reviewed for the *Saturday Review of Literature* for February 18, 1928, and the sheer delight in heaping rubicund epigrams with poignant gusto seems to be all of Mr. Tinker's. The florid critic from Yale has a pet desire to be a literary Robespierre, and there is hardly a doubt but that the belated idiosyncracy attacked him during his sitting with "Cities and Men."

But Mr. Tinker is not provincial in his petulant verbal gestures. There seems to be a national tendency among modern critics to diagnose absurdly the efforts of Mr. Lewisohn. And this proclivity has even gone further, judging from rumors, and has festered in the ateliers of the critics, very much like a hoof and mouth pandemic. Should Mr. Lewisohn fortuitously dip his pen in red wine, he is accused of founding a new movement to overthrow tradition. He has but to consume a second helping of prune cake to be classified among the Greek gourmands of old. And when he expires strains from Stravinsky, the former Ohio professor is automatically a lyricist of revolutionary tunes. That Mr. Lewisohn is a radical, communist, freethinker, bolshevist, liberal, republican, and perhaps even a Sinn-Feiner, few critics will deny.

Returning once again to Mr. Lewisohn, there is hardly a doubt but that he is a writer and critic with a multitude of surprises and contrasts; a true son of literature, and a lover of the arts and humanity. It is true that he does not subordinate life to art. Mr. Lewisohn feels that life transcends everything else, and for this reason, tradition is doomed to a life of immortality and will eventually crumple and collapse in the vicissitudes that accompany the behavior of the cosmos. Thus, Mr. Lewisohn's syncope is a pernicious influence for the loyal literati who are forever cleaving to the cambium of tradition, and who are in reality biting at their own tails, like serpents. Mr. Tinker has prattled unto "harmartial"; he has missed the mark of Mr. Lewisohn's thought. He seemed to forget that all critics are prone to burst into frequent lapses of pure vagarizing jargon. And in this, Mr. Lewisohn hardly differs from his contemporaries, Mr. Mencken or Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

And if Mr. Tinker still insists upon building chimerical steps in the "ladder of liberalism"—that so-called whiskered climb to the culture of a literary Danton; and should that longing to hang Delacroix's enormous picture in his parlor still persist, then it would be advisable for him to wait until the crimson Trotsky becomes restless and cogitates proficially in his placid exile, and relents with some literary offerings for the rest of the world and Mr. Tinker to rapaciously devour.

And pray, what is a literary radical?

MAURICE E. CULBERG.

Chicago.

Immigration

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*, SIR:

Mr. John P. Gavit, in reviewing Dr. Panunzio's book "Immigration Crossroads" in your issue of January 28, charges our present immigration law with having "reduced our immigration to all but infinitesimal numbers." This appears to be a very misleading statement in view of the fact that the official figures show 294,314 immigrants in 1925 and 304,448 for the year 1926, to say nothing of the Lord knows how many illegal entries.

I am no whole-hearted defender of our present system, but to hold it responsible for shutting off immigration is to propagate an error that is already too widely spread.

GLENN E. HOOVER

Mills College, Calif.

Stung Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I protest. One expects casual slips in proof-reading nowadays, but when one's copy is transmogrified into illiterate Choctaw, I confess it hurts. My review of Mr. de la Mare's "Told Again" was probably not a masterpiece; but, as written, it had some of the graces of grammar, and at least made recognizable sense. As printed, it was an insult to Mr. de la Mare, a blot on your paper, and remains a thorn in my bosom. For nothing, alas, was correct in it but the name of its unfortunate author.

LEE WILSON DODD.

(Mr. Dodd's picturesque but not very legible handwriting is responsible for most of these errors, but a few of the worst the editors must be charged with.—The Editor.)

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

fashion; he has innumerable adventures, but they are not short story adventures. This book is, in fact, the life history of an otter told by one who has known and loved the whiskered breed too well to falsify their otter minds and put human glamour upon their otter ways. And yet it is a very beautiful book, a river back of a country exquisitely described below and above the wave; and it is a dramatic book, in which the otter hunt, seen from the otter world is as exciting as an airplane fight or the last act of a human melodrama. If there is criticism, it is only that the author is too faithful, too desirous of crowding in all otter experience. It is written, one might say, in otter language, but the strange and charming words are Devonshire terms that explain themselves, and have been well defended by the author against his English critics. One does not remember any American attempt in animal biography quite so loving, so convincing, and so well sustained. A good book, one would say, for a boy or girl, as well as for an adult, and likely to impart the charm of its style as well as the interest of otter life.

HISTORICAL TRIALS. By the late *Sir John Macdonell*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

PAMMY AND HIS FRIENDS. *By* Eleanor Troxell. Scribners. 60 cents.

NATIONAL TRAITS AND FAIRY LORE. By *Anne Williams*. Scribners. 80 cents.

THE YOUNG DECORATORS. By *Nancy McClelland*. Harpers. $2.50.

***"It is a book some college presidents will condemn, and, no doubt, yearn for the good old days when the entire edition could have been heaped in the quadrangle and publicly burned. And possibly some Rotarians might be induced to help in the burning. And both will do it anyway, figuratively."*—Topeka Capital.**

A MAN OF LEARNING

Portrait of Arthur Patrick Redfield, Ph. D., LL. D. whose satirical biography has been written by

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

"This is the Elmer Gantry of education" *says President MacCracken of Vassar College in The Saturday Review of Literature.* "The story of this Babbitt of the educational world promises to be one of the bright spots of the spring publishing season" *says The Cleveland Plain Dealer.* "A joy to those who really appreciate satire at its deadliest" *says Ernest Boyd in The Independent.*

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Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

J. L. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for books giving a fairly comprehensive treatment of the orchestra as a whole, its instruments, repertoire, and history.

W. J. HENDERSON'S "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music" (Scribner) was first published nearly thirty years ago and nothing has since quite superseded it as a means whereby the intelligent attendant at orchestral concerts may get more enjoyment from his attendance. For polyphonic music, however direct its appeal to the ear, goes by way of that organ from brain to brain, composer's to listener's, and the more the latter knows about it the more he hears. The joys of recognition are never more sweetly realized than as one's information gradually increases. The instruments are introduced one by one in Arthur Elson's "Orchestral Instruments and Their Use" (Page) whose revised edition includes those added during this present century. Another smaller book that may be taken to concerts by a complete beginner finding his way about in the band, is "Orchestral Instruments and What They Do," by Daniel Gregory Mason (Gray), with pictures of them all.

O. E. W., Gambier, O., asks for the best books on the Symphonies of Beethoven.

THE most elaborate analyses are those in Edwin Evans's "Beethoven's Nine Symphonies Fully Described and Analyzed" (Reeves, 2 vols.): there are analytical charts of the movements. However, Groves's "Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies" (Gray) is probably the book most generally used; it was made from program notes of the Crystal Palace concerts, and gives historical data and information about famous performances as well as analyses. The essays of Hector Berlioz should be read, whatever book is used for study; they are in his "Critical Study of Beethoven's Nine Symphonies" (Scribner) with several other essays on Beethoven's compositions. In Romain Rolland's "Beethoven" (Holt) there are brief analyses by A. Eaglefield Hull of the symphonies as well as of the sonatas and quartettes, this is a deeply sympathetic study, whose seventh edition was brought out for the Centenary this past year. The German-reading concert-goer has Max Chop's "Ludwig van Beethoven's Symphonien" in the Reclam-Ausgabe, three little books in one, historically and musically developed.

To these books the student may add several with which the Centenary has lately enriched musical literature, in which the symphonies are part of the subject matter. These include several written for musicians that will, from the rich humanity of the subject and the interest attaching to any study of the processes of genius, hold the attention even of those who look at music very much from the outside. "Beethoven: His Spiritual Development," by J. W. Sullivan (Knopf), is one of these, and W. J. Turner's "Beethoven: The Search for Reality" (Doubleday-Doran), and Ernest Newman's study of musical psychology, "The Unconscious Beethoven (Knopf). There are two recent biographies of high merit, Paul Bekker's "Beethoven," published in English by Dutton, and Harvey Grace's "Ludwig van Beethoven" (Harper), and he is one of the "Twelve Great Modernists" gathered by Lawrence Abbott in as many essays under this title (Doubleday), the list taking in Herodotus and St. Francis of Assisi, so the reader is not cramped by definition. A recent work places the sonatas in his musical and spiritual development so that is it almost a biography: this is William Behrend's "Ludwig van Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas" (Dutton).

I have named so many books because I never read a life of Beethoven that made me feel that I need never read another.

L. R. J. V., Jumeau, Alaska, has been looking for a book devoted solely to the history of the Spanish Inquisition; he would like two or three by writers "preferably with unbiased minds."

THE monumental work on this subject is Henry C. Lea's "History of the Inquisition of Spain" (Macmillan), in four volumes, part of a life-work that includes "A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages" (Macmillan, 3 vols.), and "The Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies" (Macmillan), including the one in Peru from which the hero of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" went back to Heaven "leaning upon a flame." This immense work is not only scholarly—the documentation is precise and nothing short of colossal—but fascinating; I came upon it by way of the fourth volume in looking for material on the history of witchcraft, which this author shows to have been taken by the Inquisition in a singularly enlightened spirit, considering what happened to witches even later than that in other parts of the world. It is curiously thrilling, in reading Rey Strachey's new novel, "Shaken by the Wind" (Harcourt, Brace), in which the cults of our earlier days in the American backwoods are shown in action from the Shakers to the various types of perfectionists, to come upon Lea's mystics, the Alumbrados, the Molinos, the Begghards, and all the rest, springing up spontaneously in the Western wilderness under quite different names, under leaders who naively regarded themselves as favored by special personal revelations.

A recent and scholarly history is that of A. L. Maycock, "The Inquisition from its Establishment to the Great Schism" (Harper), with an introduction by Father Ronald Knox; Hilaire Belloc wrote the preface to Hoffman Nickerson's "The Inquisition: a Political and Military Study of Its Establishment" (Balc & Danielson). "Medieval Heresy and the Inquisition," by A. S. Turberville (Dutton), is not only valuable for its exposition of various types of belief of the medieval mind, but for a brief reading-course suggested in the appendix. One of its most famous cases is treated by Fitzmaurice-Kelly in "Fray Luis de Leon" (Oxford University Press) and in a beautiful book from the same press, "Luis de Leon: a study of the Spanish Renaissance," by Aubrey Bell. Rafael Sabatini has written a brief history of the Inquisition in his "Torquemada" (Houghton Mifflin).

C. M., Jersey City, N. J., asks if Victor Hugo's "Angelo" and "Mary Tudor" have been translated.

A COMPLETE Hugo was published by Estes and Lauriat in a limited edition, long since out of print. An English version of "Angelo," by Davidson, was produced on the British stage, and printed in "Cumberland's British Theatre," 1855, and there was another acting-edition by Lacy, first given in 1851; both versions were acted here. In the pamphlet edition of Rachel's plays printed here there was a version of "Angelo." "Mary Tudor" was given in English in this country about 1835, but I do not know if prompter's copies were printed.

E. D., McNary, Arizona, asks for books that classify the common rocks for schoolchildren "who are always finding pretty stones in this glorified rock-pile that is Arizona and are anxious to find directions for making a collection."

"THE Field Book of Common Rocks and Minerals," by Frederic Brewster Loomis (Putnam), has 32 plates and many photographic illustrations; it slips easily into the pocket, and while not a book intended to tease children into a liking for geology, will prove a boon to a teacher who has specimens continually brought to her or who goes out herself with a hammer. It is "for identifying the rocks and minerals of the United States and interpreting their origins and meanings.

G. S., Niagara Falls, N. Y., asks for biographies of the Emperor Julian, Diderot, Hume, Bruno, and Voltaire.

THE works of Julian the Apostate are in three volumes of the Loeb Library (Putnam), the English text by W. C. Wright; the Emperor Julian figures in not a few plays and novels, of which the most famous in the first class is Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean" (Scribner), and in the second Dmitri Merezhkovski's "Death of the Gods" (Putnam). John Morley's "Diderot and the Encyclopedists" (Macmillan: 2 vols.) is more than a biography, it is the picture of a period. Morley's "Voltaire" (Macmillan) is a full-length biography; there is a short one in S. G. Tallentyre's "Voltaire in his Letters" (Putnam). Huxley's "Hume" is in the English Men of Letters series (Macmillan); it is also the sixth volume of his "Collected Essays" published by Appleton. "The Life and Teachings of Giordano Bruno," by Coulson Turnbull, is a little book published by McKay, and there is a sketch of his career in the Haldeman-Julius Ten Cent Series.

The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE STORY OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By *Conrad H. Moehlman*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THE GOSPEL BEFORE THE GOSPELS. By *Burton Scott Easton*. Scribners. $1.75.

JESUS CHRIST. By *Anthony C. Deane*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.50.

GOD THE GREATEST POET, MAN HIS GREATEST POEM. Abingdon. $1.25.

FISHERS OF MEN. By *Glenn Clark*. Little, Brown. $2.

THE GLORIOUS COMPANY OF THE APOSTLES. By *Tracy D. Mygath* and *Frances Witherspoon*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

THE LIVING BIBLE. Edited by Bolton Hall. Revised by Alfred Bertholet. Knopf. $6.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By *Theodore Gerald Soares*. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

THE SECOND ISAIAH. By *Charles C. Torrey*. Scribners. $5 net.

AN EVERYDAY CHRISTIAN. By *John Godfrey Hill*. Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents.

MORE ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By *A. Clinton-Brock*. Dutton. $2.

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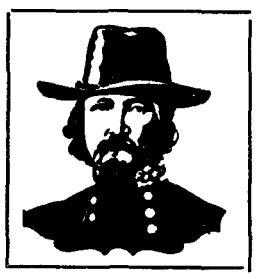

GENERAL PICKETT was the daring fighter and the gallant gentleman who led the charge at Gettysburg. SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH, edited by Arthur C. Inman, contains his war letters to his wife. Illustrated. $2.50

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, America's most celebrated biographer, has just written LIFE AND I, a brilliant autobiography of humanity filled with remarkable anecdotes $3.50

JOHN BUCHAN wrote THE HALF-HEARTED several years ago. Long out of print, this thrilling tale of great adventure in the wild border lands of India is at last reissued at $2.50

VAL GIELGUD has written a first novel which follows hard on the heels of some of the best of Sabatini. OLD SWORDS is a fast tale of courage and high romance on the Polish frontier. $2.00

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A final division of the catalogue describes 113 books in English printed abroad, before 1640. It must be a very long while since any bookseller has been in a position to make a comparable offering with this.

* *

THE question of what constitutes a private press gets by far the best answer it has yet had from the pages of "A Select Bibliography of the Principal Modern Presses, Public and Private, in Great Britain and Ireland," compiled by G. S. Tomkinson and issued by The First Editions' Club of London. This publication was one of the earliest announced by the Club when it started several years ago, and the complete work shows some evidences of the trials the compiler has been through in his efforts to produce a satisfactory result. He would probably be the first to agree that it is far from satisfying, but he is immune from serious criticism, first because this is a collector's book and consequently a privileged publication, and secondly because of the skill with which he devised a title that does not promise anything in particular.

Mr. Tomkinson has brought together the procurable information about eighty-three English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh presses which produced books that are worth collecting, between 1890 and 1925. He divides them into two nearly equal groups, for the first of which he tried to provide a complete list of the publications of the press, while the second merely gives a few representative titles. Except that each includes a few that obviously belong in the other group, this is a fairly reasonable compromise with the initial difficulty caused by the impossibility of doing what he undertook with any real thoroughness. It would have been much more sensible to face the facts, and throw out altogether the commercial establishments like the Chiswick and Arden, and the two University Presses. These have produced and are producing printing of the very highest quality, well worth collecting merely as fine printing, but they have no place in this bibliography.

If Mr. Tomkinson does not know just how far his work falls short of including all the presses that have a fair claim to consideration, nobody does. Puzzled American collectors will look in vain for the Moll Press, which boasts of Bruce Rogers's name in its imprint. No one on this side the Atlantic can guess how many more there may be with an equal claim, but an hour's hunt along the shelves of one American library, which makes no pretense to keeping up with books of this character, turned up half a dozen imprints of presses that are unmistakably "private" and interesting, of which this bibliography has no mention. The same search revealed a disconcerting number of titles, like Colonel Prideaux's "Omar Khayyam" from Mr. Blakeney's press, which escaped the compiler in his section which aimed to be complete.

Nobody who is trying to follow the current tendencies in fine printing, however, will have anything but the feeling of warmest gratitude for this volume. Heretofore the best thing available was Robert Steele's Medici Society book, which told about thirteen presses. This is more than six-fold better, for it gives a much larger array of careful data, and its lists are much more accurate.

Mr. Tomkinson was particularly for-

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The Three Cornered Hat

by Pedro Antonio de Alarcon, might also be called [as its author points out] "The Corregidor and the Miller's Wife," or, if you prefer, "The Miller and the Corregidor's Wife." Whichever title you choose after reading this zestful Spanish classic, you will have had such a full-flavored enjoyment of the gusto of life as seldom gets into English nowadays.

The text, rendered by Martin Armstrong, and the 65 illustrations by Norman Tealby, have preserved and conveyed the richly comic spirit that pervades this record of a night's amatory "alarums and excursions" in the Andalusia of a century ago. "The Three Cornered Hat" is published at $3.00 [with a hint to some astute movie director] and sold [and read] by all booksellers.

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tunate in enlisting the coöperation of the small group of men who represent the highest achievements in this line at the present day. Mr. Hornby provided what has long been awaited, authoritative data concerning the Ashendene Press, and doubtless through his friendly offices the puzzling history of the Arden Press is cleared up. Mr. Sidney Cockerell laid open his almost matchless collection of Kelmscott Press memorabilia, and made possible a comprehensive presentation of the evidence of the way in which William Morris made that press an outstanding success as a business venture, as well as the greatest single influence for typographical advancement of all time. If there is one legitimate complaint to be lodged against Mr. Tomkinson, it is that he did not keep together the invaluable material which he secured concerning the half dozen most notable presses, and make a single volume out of this, treating each of them more fully, while relegating the secondary followers of these leaders to a separate publication.

The difficulty in classifying these "presses" comes out clearly in the compiler's efforts to find terms to describe the various ventures which fall within his range. With over a third of them, indeed, he frankly dodges the problem, and makes no attempt to place them in a special classification. One other group nearly as large, twenty-seven in all, are designated by the term "Hand Press." Although they range far apart in other respects, these are bound together by their use of man-power for their impressions. For the rest, a good deal of skilful discrimination is shown in selecting the term to be used in describing the various undertakings. The Beaumont is a "Private Hand Press," while "Publishing Title" covers a group that includes such extremes as the Riccardi and Lord Dunsany's Pegana Press. The Nonesuch is properly described as a "Publishing Firm," while the Edinburgh Porpoise is rather unfairly called a "Publishing House." The term "Publishing Title," whatever this may mean, is applied to Lovat Fraser's Flying Fame and to Charles J. Sawyer's almost still-born Hawthornden Press. The Hogarth evidently caused some cogitation, from which was evolved "Semi-Public Hand Press." Curiously, the only establishment to which the term "Private Press" is applied is the Manresa, often known as the Jesuit Press, and restricted to the production of printing for that Order.

Nearly every one of the founders of these various presses contributes a statement of his aims in starting to print by and for himself. Most of them are more or less futile echoes of Cobden-Sanderson's not very intelligible but altogether idealistic fulminations. An essay ought to be written on the way in which the followers of Morris have repeated his phrases without grasping the significance of the practical lesson which is embodied in the story of the Kelmscott Press. Of all the printers who contribute to his volume, there is only one who states directly and simply the entirely adequate reasons which justify anyone in becoming a printer. This is John Rodker, who says that his object in founding the Ovid Press was "to learn the technique of printing and to produce the work of his friends."

Note and Comment

Liam O'Flaherty's "The Fairy Goose" was published by Crosby Gaige of New York with the Gift Shops obviously in mind, for each and every one of the 1190 copies printed by William Edwin Rudge is signed by the author. It is an attractively simple little book which is fated to keep on bobbing up to the end of time, forever selling for a trifle more than it is worth because of that author's signature.

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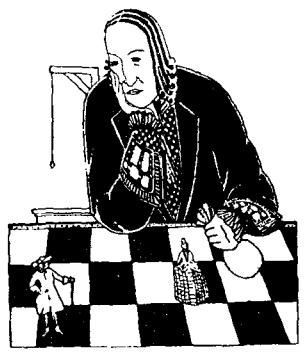

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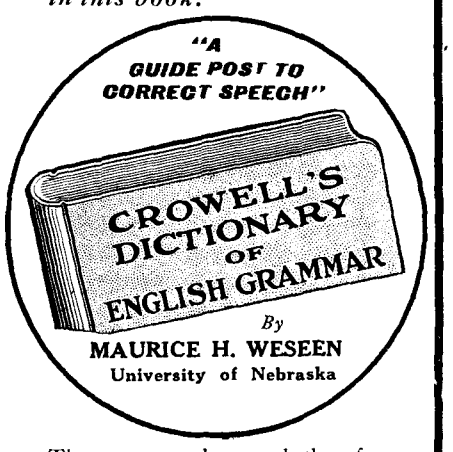

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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE *Carthaginian* from the Dido Cave has instigated one *Hank Anony Mouse* to write a letter to *O'Reilley* (from whom, incidentally, we have not heard for some moons now). The letter is too long to print in full. Hank says he was overseas in '17 with the A. E. F. M. (American Expeditionary Field Mice), but they herded him off with the Wharf Rats Division on the Sinking Ship Investigating Battalion. But later he remarks:

Well, as I was saying, if you get to Rome, O'Reilley, there's one sight in it would cheat you out of a year's growth of whiskers, so if you're counting on a truck garden, I wouldn't risk it, and don't even think about it if you got a weak heart. Listen here, O'Reilley, all the cats in Rome. Yes, sir! All that wild and loose kind of cats that we New Yorkers got hiding in our back alleys they got civilization enough in Rome to dump in what they call a circus, a six-ringer, all right, and all you got to do is creep up and look over the edge. Oh Boy! that sight sure went over big with this little old Rodent! Big cats and little cats and kittens by the thousands, all prowling and myowling and slinking around, and if you got the nerve you can give 'em a catcall or two and tail-your-nose at 'em, and watch 'em growl and hiss and try to crawl up the sides. It's a great sight and I wouldn't miss it, but look out how much cheese you eat the night after. They sure are the stuff that delirium tremouses are made out of.

If O'Reilley is still at Palermo, we hope he'll see this and send us a cable or suthin'. . . .

A. R. Orage, formerly editor of *The New Age,* London, and author of "The Dionysian Spirit of the Age," etc., is giving a course of six lectures, which began the fourteenth of March, at the Anderson-Milton School of the Theatre, 128 East 58th Street. Price for the full course: twenty-five dollars. In his lectures he will discuss the problems of modern literature. His greatest recommendation is that once the great *Katharine Mansfield* wrote from the south of France: "Orage . . . taught me to write." . . .

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Theophrastus sends us a rollicking stave on an ancient coterie. And inasmuch as a hint of earliest Spring seems to have just crept in through the open window,—by which our industry is suddenly and completely slain,—we give him space:

THE KIT CATS

Witty Whigs hailing the house of Hanover,
Met at Shire Lane in immortal wise,
Gracing that board where bent each man over
Christopher Cat, the pastry-cook's, pies,—
Or, at Barn Elms, in heroic hosting
Thrilled and hushed, as your Garth, with a smile,
Full of his verses rose for toasting
Lady Essex or Lady Carlisle,—
Painted on canvas by Godfrey Kneller,
Hung by Tonson the good book-seller,
Gentlemen all, how Time goes boasting
The many high hearts he reaps the while!

Addison, Congreve, Steele, and Dryden,—
'Tis a century odd since the heart recalls
How visitors marked where fame should hide in
Your numbers and names on the rotting walls
Of the old club-room, where the ceiling's corner
Showed a swallow's nest; and how cobwebs lie
Thick on mouldings, as scorn on the scorner
Of pens to our age that prophesy!
Hearty fellows—nor sots, nor gluttons,—
Dining at taverns, and thence to Buttons;
Each in his genius a little Jack Horner,
What plums you pulled from your Kit Cat pie!

Muse on the flame that Marlborough's Duchess
Fanned for Congreve the dramatist!
With a waxen image (when death's fell clutches
Took him at last) she kept a tryst,—
Spent day on day with his waxen image
Fondling and tending it tenderly,—
Love gone mad in that gay and grim age,
(Love that is ever the same, you see!)
Days of despots and adulation,—
(Fifty pounds for a dedication!)
Yet, in this era of greedy scrimmage,—
Oh for the Kit Cat company!

Old John Mistletoe has called our attention to a poem by *James VI. of Scotland, I. of England,* entitled "Phoenix." It is to be found in that one of Arber's English Reprints which bears the title of the famous "A Counterblaste to Tobacco." We may quote but one verse, and forbear the tragic ending:

In Arabie cald Faelix was she bredd
This foule, excelling Iris farr in hew.
Whose body whole, with purpour was owercledd
Whose taill of coulour was celestial blew,
With skarlat pennes that through it mixed grew:
Her craig was like the yallowe burnisht gold,
And she her self thre hundredth yeare was old.

And so, anon, anon, gentles!

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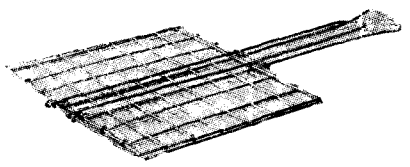

A man from Mars—a cabinet-designer from Brooklyn to be exact—popped in on *The Inner Sanctum* and asked why all this fury about *Trader Horn.*

The query mildly surprised *The Inner Sanctum,* but only for a moment. Here was the frank viewpoint of a person singularly and refreshingly uninterested in books—a man who read no reviews, followed no best-seller lists, and infested no book stores. To him *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* was simply a cigar band, and the Public Library at 42nd Street a convenient place to check parcels.

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To *The Inner Sanctum* the challenge was particularly gratifying, for it revealed new frontiers for *Trader Horn,* new realms to conquer. Moreover, it sent your correspondent back to the book itself to find an answer for this simple question.

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Admiral of a cannibal river fleet
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Filibuster leader and private sleuth
"Depth Charge No. 3" on a mine-sweeper
Friend of Ulysses S. Grant and Jack Rhodes
Saviour of Nina T——, white Joss House goddess
The last of the saga-tellers
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Now that *Trader Horn* is here in America, a few lucky and convivial readers of *The Inner Sanctum* will see the ancient mariner for themselves, and complete this partial list of the callings and avocations of ALFRED ALOYSIUS.

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—ESSANDESS

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